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ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Vol. XII.—No. 9.
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 9, 1893.

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(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by G. W. PETERS.)

ONCE A WEEK

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We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

UNEASINESS IN MEXICO.

FOR some time there have been rumors of trouble in Mexico, so long held in peace under the strong repressing and yet progressive policy of President DIAZ. He has been very successful until now in stamping out all attempts at revolution, either on the part of jealous rival republican leaders or of the party of reaction. But now the rumblings of discontent seem to be deep and widespread. Whether they are also of that dangerous and determined character that makes successful revolution remains to be seen. We are inclined to think they are not.

In a country like Mexico, where life among the masses of the people is so wretched, discontent must lead to outbreaks, however helpless and ill-considered. But it must be admitted that since the unfortunate MAXIMILIAN episode—and notably since the accession to power of General DIAZ—the condition of the masses has been gradually ameliorated, while the well-to-do business people, foreign as well as native, have enjoyed a sense of security never before felt by them. With one single exception, the policy of the man with the "hand of steel in the velvet glove" has been that of fairness and strength. His effort was to build up and consolidate—to encourage enterprise within and cultivate friendly relations without. A few years more of his wise administration would be attended with great advantage to the country, judging by the past. It would be a great pity should the plotting against him from any quarter result in his overthrow at last, and check the march of progress in our sister Republic.

THE PROPOSED TARIFF REVISION.

ONCE A WEEK has not favored a material reduction of the tariff, on the ground that any radical changes would, at least, have a tendency to unsettle business. We are of the same opinion still, and would prefer to see the leaders of the dominant party in Congress, with the approval of President CLEVELAND, uniting in an agreement to postpone any action on the subject for at least two years. It is not so clear as some people would have the public think that the country has not done fairly well under the system of protection to American industries. At least it is a subject of great doubt, and in our opinion it would do no harm to let the system continue in operation for two years longer, unless some better reason than we have yet seen advanced can be offered in favor of a change.

But the Ways and Means Committee of the House differ with us, and, after careful deliberation, have agreed to recommend a revision of the tariff, involving some radical changes, though by no means so radical as might have been expected. Taking it for granted that the foreshadowed revision will meet with the approval of the majority of both Houses, we think it will be wise for the minority to interpose no merely obstructive tactics, that can serve no better end than the prolongation of irritating and useless discussion, such as wearied the country during the protracted silver debates.

Thorough, serious discussion on certain points, with a view to clear up doubts, is desirable in every case; but mere talk for the sake of postponing the inevitable will be sure to meet with public condemnation. Let us hope, therefore, there will be no repetition of the disgraceful filibustering of the extra session. As revision has been decreed, let its consideration be conducted with the dignity and decorum befitting a high legislative body charged with the responsibility of doing what is best for

the country. There need be no unseemly haste, such as is again being urged by certain free-trade organs. To attempt to rush serious legislation would be as bad as to obstruct, if not worse. There is no call for partisan heat or bitterness in tariff discussion. If the truth were known, it would be found that the rank and file of both parties are pretty well divided on the question. This is because it is a question of the business interests of the country, which the representatives of both parties should consider with as near an approach to judicial calmness and fairness as it is possible for a legislative body to practice. It must be assumed that neither party wishes to adopt a course that would injure the country by destroying or needlessly imperiling its industries. There are honest differences of opinion. Let both sides be heard and have fair play. Then when both sides have been heard and all that can be said, *pro* and *con*, has been said, let the voting take place without unseemly obstruction.

The sooner the discussion is over the better it will be for business interests.

A THEORETICAL VIEW OF PROTECTION.

IN the discussion between the protectionists and anti-protectionists the former have usually relied on facts, the latter on theory. The historic BLAINE-GLADSTONE controversy in the *North American Review* was a striking illustration of this. But there is a theoretical side to the protectionist argument that has not hitherto been as fully developed as it should be. Seeing that an apparent majority of the people are inclined to listen rather to theory than to the alleged fact that our prosperity for the past twenty-five years has been largely due to the protective system, we deem it advisable to present the theoretical side of protection for their consideration at this time.

There are four essential elements or factors to be considered in all manufacturing enterprises: capital, labor, raw material, and extent of development. Europe has cheaper capital, cheaper labor and cheaper raw material than we have in this country; the manufacturing plants of the Old World, while they may not be any better equipped than many of ours, are nevertheless more near to that condition of age and past earnings wherein they "owe nothing" to their owners; and the Old World operatives, while they may not be more skillful or more profitable workmen than many of ours, are certainly not any less so. If these four factors are essential, then the principle of protection is sound, and good sense.

How far shall protection go on the road toward absolute exclusion? Must foreign manufactured commodities have any right at all to compete in our home markets with our own domestic commodities? Let us suppose that the promised tariff revision will enable importers of certain classes of raw material to undersell our wool-growers, lumbermen or iron-mine owners. If they do so—no matter what the tariff is, it will be for revenue only—the purchaser here will pay it and the domestic raw material will not be bought or sold. If they do not do so, the tariff is still protective, possibly yielding no revenue worth mentioning.

Unless it can be shown that a high tariff does actually enable our home producers to charge extortionate prices for domestic products, it makes no difference how high the tariff is—except to Europe.

But, let us admit that, under and owing to our protective tariff, all protected commodities are "artificially" high. So is labor, that comes here to escape the "content" of its European own brother. So is capital; for Wall Street and other standard authorities on money matters say we depend on Europe for our money supply; and Europe, as we know, is less lavish of gold than of immigrants; at all events, money costs more—and is worth more—in American industrial enterprises than in any other. The only thing we have here cheaper than it is abroad is land. The farmer says he will see about that later on; but, in the meantime, he is furnishing the rest of us the cheapest beef, pork and flour in the world.

The farmer, by the way, is already in line—if he will only stay there. Liverpool or some other foreign seaport, without a conscience but with bagfuls of dear money of the world, sets the price of wheat the farmer has to sell. When the mechanic and laborer of the city stand—in line—by their brother from the rural districts, this alleged artificial highness of commodities will go glimmering.

But are American commodities high-priced? What reasonable man can complain of the high price of clothing, good clothing? What is the matter with those burn-out and assignee sales, so alluring that one can hardly afford to miss them? Here is our friend, ANDREW CARNEGIE, who has just let steel rails down six dollars a ton, so as to enable struggling railroads to put a few hundred high-priced modern Romans to work on the padrone system. A keg of nails that once sold for four dollars now sells for less than two. Sugar, that beats German beets and the Hollandsche methods of refining, can be bought so cheap that the poorest man in New York has a "pull" about Christmas-time. Boots and shoes are down so low that there are no more boots—they got tired trying to stay up—and shoes are well-nigh out of sight—nothing in sight now on the avenues but the stocking and ankle. Neckwear, hats, household

furniture, house rent, and groceries bought a little at a time, are still a little upish; but that is not the fault of the tariff, for there is no tariff on flats, and you need not try to keep up with the latest thing in hats or neckties, and you need not buy furniture on the installment plan unless you see fit.

But does the tariff make trusts? Or overwealthy monopolists? Or too many monster factories? Did you hear about that ship-load that came over last week, right in the stress of the hard times? Think you we need not a few monster factories to give those men work? If the McKinley law is revised, will these men know enough to go back?

There is absolutely no room for a revision of the present tariff law for any of the reasons yet mentioned, either by our foreign critics or by our domestic reformers, namely: because commodities are artificially high—they are not high at all from the manufactory; or because some men are growing enormously rich—for it is a poor, small country that has not a few rich men—and this is not a small country; or because we need an "equitable" exchange of commodities with the rest of the world, for the rest of the world is not in a position to give us anything of the kind while it turns so many of its own children out of doors for us to provide homes and employment for; or because a wholesome competition from abroad will bring our bloated manufacturers to terms, for that is all gammon and the American manufacturer is by long odds the decenter employer of labor and the fairest dealing business man the world has yet known.

The only apparent pretext for tariff revision at this time is, that the present Administration may substitute for the McKinley law an Administration measure—half protective, half free-trade—and all needless, disquieting, and absolutely purposeless, unless it be in the interest of foreign manufacturers.

COSMOLANGUE OR MISOLLAMILA.

THE problem of restoring to the human race that unity of speech which is popularly believed to have been obtained among the sons of men previous to the confusion of tongues in the Tower of Babel, is one which for many years has occupied the minds of philologists of all nations, and various ambitious efforts have been made in the direction of its solution. Hitherto these attempts have failed, either from their total inadequacy to meet the requirements of the situation, or, as in the case of Volapuk, from want of sufficient hold on the sympathies of mankind. The excessive artificiality and strangeness of Volapuk, its lack of vitality and human interest militated fatally against its general acceptance as a medium of speech.

But a new and ostensibly more successful solution of the problem is now at hand. The latest experiment in the direction of a universal language is called "Cosmolangue." It will be seen in the following brief exposition of the principles on which it is based that in simplicity and general adaptability as a medium of international communication it far outdistances all previous efforts of the same kind. The greatest wonder about it is that, being so simple, it was not thought of long ago.

The author takes as the basis of his new language the seven vocal sounds of the diatonic scale in music—do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si—and with these simple elements, familiar even to the children of all nations, he builds up his entire vocabulary. The whole system has been carefully thought out and most ingeniously constructed, always with a view—to borrow a mathematical phrase—of reducing language to its lowest possible expression. No superfluities of any kind are tolerated; hence only the simpler forms are found in the conjugations of the verbs. Adverbs are abolished, being represented by their corresponding adjectives. Subjective and possessive personal pronouns are likewise dispensed with. There are no exceptions to any of the rules of Cosmolangue Grammar, which therefore can be mastered in a very short space of time. The word-building, far from being a mere arbitrary process, is based on the sound and sense of the particles employed, the key to the general construction of the language thus being readily grasped by the learner and the whole system made astonishingly easy. As an example, the verb *to do* is represented by the particle *fa*, which approaches the Latin *facere*, the Italian *fare*, and the French *faire*. The personal pronoun *I* is represented by *mi*, a sound which explains itself in several tongues. The plurals of nouns and pronouns are formed by the addition of *si* to the singular. Thus *I* is *mi* and we, *mi si*. The written language has the appearance of a musical score, without the modifications of time or keynote, the notes—or syllables—of each word being joined like eighths.

The success of the experiment has been fairly tested by the author, in whose family Cosmolangue or Misollamila is as freely spoken as English. The name of the man who has perfected this unique philological scheme has not yet been divulged to the public. He modestly disclaims the credit of having originated the system, having obtained the idea from one SILVIO PEDUCCINO, an unfortunate Italian, since deceased, who owed him a kindness and intrusted to him this secret in a crude state. It is therefore no self-advertising crank who boasts of this new discovery, but a public benefactor who chooses to remain invisible. The fruits of his labors will no doubt be viewed with widespread interest. It

would not be surprising if, in process of time, they would develop into a noble and facile scheme for uniting mankind with the bond of common speech, a bond which would do more to break down the barriers centuries of differences have built up between man and man than any other invention or improvement modern science has devised for the union and consolidation of human interests.

FAIR OR FIZZLE.

THE London *Saturday Review* of November 11 contains the ultimatum of that highly respectable journal on the subject of the World's Fair. The effusion is a characteristic specimen of Saxon bluntness, with a kindly disregard of such trifling amenities as tact, international courtesy, and mere common justice. Uncle Sam, however, supported, no doubt, by the conviction that—

Sticks and stones may break his bones
But names will never hurt him,

is, according to latest accounts, still alive and kicking, and, what's worse, despite all rebuffs, bids fair to go on forever, being "smart" in the blundering continental way of the *nouveau-venu*, so incorrigibly different from the tradition-hedged way of the little Englishman. Still it was a blow to him to learn that his "creation-whipping entertainment"—very good that, ha! ha!—"had no proper claims on the world's attention" (why proper?) "and has therefore not been able to enforce any." Also "that the sessions of the Auxiliary Congress were, with but one exception, left to the self-advertising idiot and the blue-stocking woman." Also—unkindest cut of all—that "the exception owed its partial success to the enthusiasm of an English man of letters! Oh, what a fall is here, my countrymen!"

But the *Saturday Review*, to show that its justice (*sic*) is tempered with mercy, admits, with quite touching condescension, that, viewed as "a local show," "good words" must be said of the Fair. Then, alas! hot-foot after this exciting compliment, comes the crushing rebuke that we "have taken this local show too seriously." H'm! We confess it did not occur to any of us to take it as a joke, but of course we shall know better next time.

However, though we naturally feel depressed on learning that our much-talked-of and very expensive World's Columbian Exposition was only a fizzle in the eyes of our *nil admirari* Anglo-Saxon cousins—especially as it was planned and executed for the whole and sole purpose of their amusement and edification—still it is comforting to know that the "skimpy affair" has been saved from absolute wreck and oblivion by the generous intervention of an English man of letters. The American nation should be prompt to express its gratitude to Mr. WALTER BESANT for this timely and quite supererogatory work of mercy. Would it be less than right and fair to erect, in the middle of Jackson Park, out of the mud, say, which has been thrown at us from over the big Pond, a mighty statue to this hero of the Exhibition, with the legend inscribed beneath: "In Memory of THE MAN FROM ENGLAND who saved the great World's Columbian Fizzle?"

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, formerly Junior Lord of the Admiralty, proposes some great guns for the English navy, as follows: six ironclads like the *Royal Sovereign*, twelve battle-ships like the *Barfleur*, ten cruisers like the *Blake*, fifty vessels like the *Havoc*, thirty torpedo-boats and ten new-class ironclads specially designed to destroy torpedo stations—all at an expenditure of one hundred million dollars. This would make the British navy one-third stronger than the combined naval power of France and Russia, whom Lord Charles regards as possible enemies. In this connection, M. Fleurens, formerly French Minister of Foreign Affairs, urges France and Russia to assume the protectorate of all the Mohammedans in the world, the former in Africa and the latter in Asia. These former government officials are harboring some tall schemes. It is well for the peace of the world that they are only "ex"-es. By the way, it generally happens that the "outs" are strong jingoes, does it not?

THE Lehigh Valley strike is still on, as we go to press. It would manifestly be unjust to try to forecast the result from data at hand. Both sides are making claims that are exaggerated. There is a threat of a general Eastern tie-up; but it will not materialize, of course. Compromise, though set back by ill-advised stubbornness, is still in sight. The road, from Coxton to Buffalo, and from Mauch Chunk to Jersey City, is in fair working condition. There have been several wrecks, none of them very serious. Very few arrests have been made for obstruction or unwarranted interference on the part of the strikers. Many of the new men have joined the strikers; and it is now charged that Union men in disguise have taken employment on divisions where they were not known, with the intention to abandon their trains at critical junctures.

W. W. ASTOR'S *Pull Mail Gazette*, it is reported, has been sued for four hundred thousand dollar's damages for libel by a director or agent of the proposed Mobile and Dauphin Island Railroad. The alleged libel consisted of two articles, in which the scheme was spoken of as impracticable. The original plan of the road, it is said, was to construct a railroad from Mobile south along the coast of Mobile Bay to Cedar Point, and from there to Dauphin Island by bridge-work. The *Gazette* still further attacked the good faith of the projectors in trying to negotiate a four hundred thousand dollar six per cent loan through the Commercial Bank of Scotland.

SECRETARY HERBERT'S annual report places the American navy in the seventh place. The battle-ships

Maine and Texas and the monitor *Puritan* will be ready for trial in six months. The protected cruisers *Cincinnati* and *Raleigh* will be ready March 1, and the cruiser *Marblehead* sooner. The harbor defense ram *Katahdin* and the torpedo-boat *Erickson* will be completed by the end of the year; the sea-going battle-ship *Iowa* and the armored cruiser *Brooklyn* some time in 1896.

The relations between Wurtemberg and the German Empire are strained. The little kingdom opposes the proposed income tax. The army maneuvers were abandoned there, owing to the scarcity of horse feed, and the emperor said some very uncomplimentary things about the Wurtemberg troops and about the government. The resignation of the Minister of War, Commander General Woolcker, and the Premier, are expected to follow.

FOLLOWING close upon the retirement of the Italian Ministry the Credit Mobilier Bank of Rome has failed. Zanardelli will probably fail in his attempt to form a new Cabinet. If the king be forced to form a Ministry himself, a general election will be inevitable, and the Radicals will make great gains. In this connection, the recent hissing of King Humbert and Queen Margherita in the streets of Rome is significant.

SOCIETY began in full blast at Newport December 1. But on the day before, Thanksgiving, Mrs. W. F. Vanderbilt gave her annual dinner in Masonic Hall to the newboys, bootblacks and messengers. When the repast ended, the boys gave three cheers for Mrs. Vanderbilt and her assistants at the function, and then sang "After the Ball." Boys, boys!

THE daughter of Mrs. J. W. Mackey by her first husband, Mr. Bryant, was married twelve years ago to the Italian Prince Colonna. She is now seeking a separation. The trouble is said to be of recent date. The matrimonial market for foreign titles is depressed. The Princess Colonna is, nevertheless, entitled to the respectful sympathy of all true men and women.

THE war in Brazil is going right ahead. They are fighting all the time there, but nobody has been hurt who took the most ordinary care of himself. The armies take breakfast at 10 A.M., and no fighting is allowed before breakfast. Then they keep up the sport until 4 P.M., when they dine; and at 6 P.M. they begin to waste ammunition until it is time to go to bed.

THE new French Ministry under Premier Casimir-Perier will oppose an income tax, favors a revision of the constitution and the separation of Church and State. The Ministry intends to support the proposal for a superannuation fund for workmen, but will reject the Utopian schemes of the Socialists.

WINTER horse-racing in New Jersey is closed by law during the months of December, January and February. It is not likely that even the village of Gloucester will defy the law, though its mayor says the place will languish without the sport through the winter.

SINCE January 1 the savings banks of France have lost two hundred million francs by excess of withdrawals over deposits. It would be interesting to know how much savings banks have lost in this country during the same period.

THE Hotchkiss Ordnance Company starts up its two factories at Providence on twenty-four hours' time, making shells, torpedoes and other implements of destruction. Let the times be never so hard, nations must fight.

IN Washington, on Thanksgiving Day, Monsignor Satolli, at a reception in his honor, strongly insisted that the Catholic parochial schools are a distinct aid in the upbuilding of American patriotism and good citizenship.

VAN ALLEN has declined the post of Ambassador to Italy, in a manly letter that does him credit. Candor compels us to add that the declination places him head and shoulders above the Administration.

THE Earl of Warwick is dead, and Lady Brooke, said to be the handsomest woman in Europe, a favorite of H. R. H., has become a countess.

THEY are digging up dynamite in fields and out-of-the-way places all over France and Spain. The Reds are not all in prison or dead yet.

LATEST unofficial advices indicate that the "income tax" proposed will apply only to inheritances and corporations. So much the better.

IN Detroit, on Thanksgiving Day, ten thousand needy people received a good meal and enough food to last them several days.

FRANCE and England have settled their Siamese quarrel. The disputed territory has been placed under Chinese rule.

GRIP is epidemic in Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Boston, Minneapolis and Omaha. There are very few fatal cases.

ADRIANOFF, who killed the Mayor of Moscow last March, has been sent to an insane asylum.

TREASURY receipts are falling behind expenditures at the rate of three million dollars a month.

THE ship-canal connecting Manchester, England, with the sea, was opened December 7.

PERE HYACINTHE favors a new Church, to be composed of Catholics and Protestants.

THE Wilson Bill will probably contain a tax of ten cents a package on playing cards.

A MOVEMENT to erect a statue to Blaine in Augusta has proved a failure so far.

"PASTE OR DIAMONDS" AND "FONTLUCE."

THE volume to be presented to our readers next week is an English version of two charmingly written stories by the popular French author Léon de Tinseau. "Paste or Diamonds" is the story of a young aristocrat reduced to poverty in the shape of a small clerkship in Paris. A rich retired actress, enamored of his title, befriends him with matrimonial intent. On the eve of a marriage with her, his existence is discovered by an eccentric old female relative, who succeeds in breaking off the proposed *mésalliance*. The sequel shows, however, that the young marquis is not entirely ruled by class

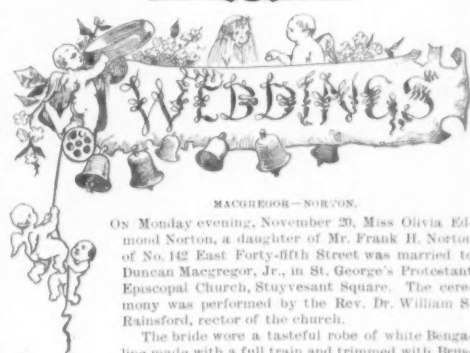
prejudices, for he subsequently falls in love with and marries the good and beautiful daughter of a notary.

"Fontluce" is a pretty little love-story, and a faithful picture of French country life. Bertrand de Fontluce is urged by his mother to marry an American heiress. He is not sufficiently attracted to the young lady in question to propose to her, and subsequently falls in love with a penniless countrywoman. But he is absolutely dependent on his mother, and cannot marry without her consent. This he is hopeless of gaining, until chance throws in his way an unexpected ally in the shape of a former lover of his mother's. A meeting with the man she loved, but passed over for a richer one, renews the memories of her youth in the breast of Mme. de Fontluce, and under their influence she is persuaded to smooth the way for her son's happiness. Both these stories are treated with force and freshness, and, being absolutely free from unhealthy tendencies, are excellent examples of what is best in modern French fiction.

MR. RAWLINS L. COTTENET, FLORIST.

GILDED youth, with the gilt rubbed off, sometimes shows sterling metal beneath. Witness Mr. Rawlins L. Cottenet, once a fortunate man of the world and society favorite, who, having suffered pecuniary reverses, manfully puts his shoulder to the wheel and makes a fresh start in life in a little flower-shop in East Thirty-second Street. Mr. Cottenet calls his modest establishment "The Rosary." Here, with a single assistant, the plucky young gentleman may be found at any hour of the day awaiting orders from his numerous patrons; for society has smiled on his humble venture to such an extent that the swells in the windows of the Knickerbocker Club opposite are positively envious when they see the fair customers that troop into "The Rosary" to buy flowers. "So like a hero out of Blackmore, don't you know," one rosy-lipped enthusiast was heard to remark; "and did you notice his frayed collar? Poor fellow, he must be quite dreadfully poor." It is such-like expressions of tender sympathy from the fair sex that make the other fellows almost wish they, too, had an excuse for setting up shop.

Judging from the success that has so far crowned Mr. Cottenet's experiment in trade, he will soon be able to retrieve his altered fortunes, a consummation which all his numerous friends will be heartily glad to see effected. —(See page 8.)



MACGREGOR—NORTON.

On Monday evening, November 20, Miss Olivia Edmond Norton, a daughter of Mr. Frank H. Norton of No. 142 East Forty-fifth Street was married to Duncan Macgregor, Jr., in St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, Stuyvesant Square. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford, rector of the church.

The bride wore a tasteful robe of white Bengaline made with a full train and trimmed with Brussels lace. The bridal veil was of tulle, kept in place by a wreath of lilies-of-the-valley. There were no bridesmaids. The following gentlemen acted as ushers: Tyler W. Loughry, Henry D. Lewis and Henry W. Lazelle of Brooklyn; Carlton Montgomery and G. Ellsworth Duncan of this city; and Duncan M. Stewart of Toronto. There was no reception, owing to a recent bereavement in the family of the bride. Among the guests at the church were Judge and Mrs. Edward Patterson, the Misses Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Macgregor, parents of the bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Parraga, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McManis, Mr. and Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. I. McMartin, Malcolm McMartin, Professor and Mrs. Thomas Eggleston, Dr. and Mrs. D. M. Stimson. On their return from the honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Macgregor will take up their residence for the winter with the bride's father.

FRENCH—PEARL.

A fashionable wedding took place in Washington on Thursday, November 23, when Miss Mary Walker Fearon of that city was united to Mr. Seth Barton French of New York. The marriage ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents on T Street, the Rev. Dr. Nevitt Steele officiating.

A large party of guests from New York arrived by special car to attend the reception which followed the wedding breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. French have gone to the South for their honeymoon, and on their return will make their home in Washington.

SMITH—RANDALL.

At Baltimore, Md., on November 23, in Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, Miss Monterey Watson Randall, stepdaughter of Dr. James D. Lislehart, was married to Mr. Edmund Stiles Smith of Brooklyn. The bride was attired in a gown of white satin brocade with flowing white veil. Her bridesmaid, Miss Alice B. Carter, wore a pink silk dress trimmed with point lace. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will take up their residence in Brooklyn.

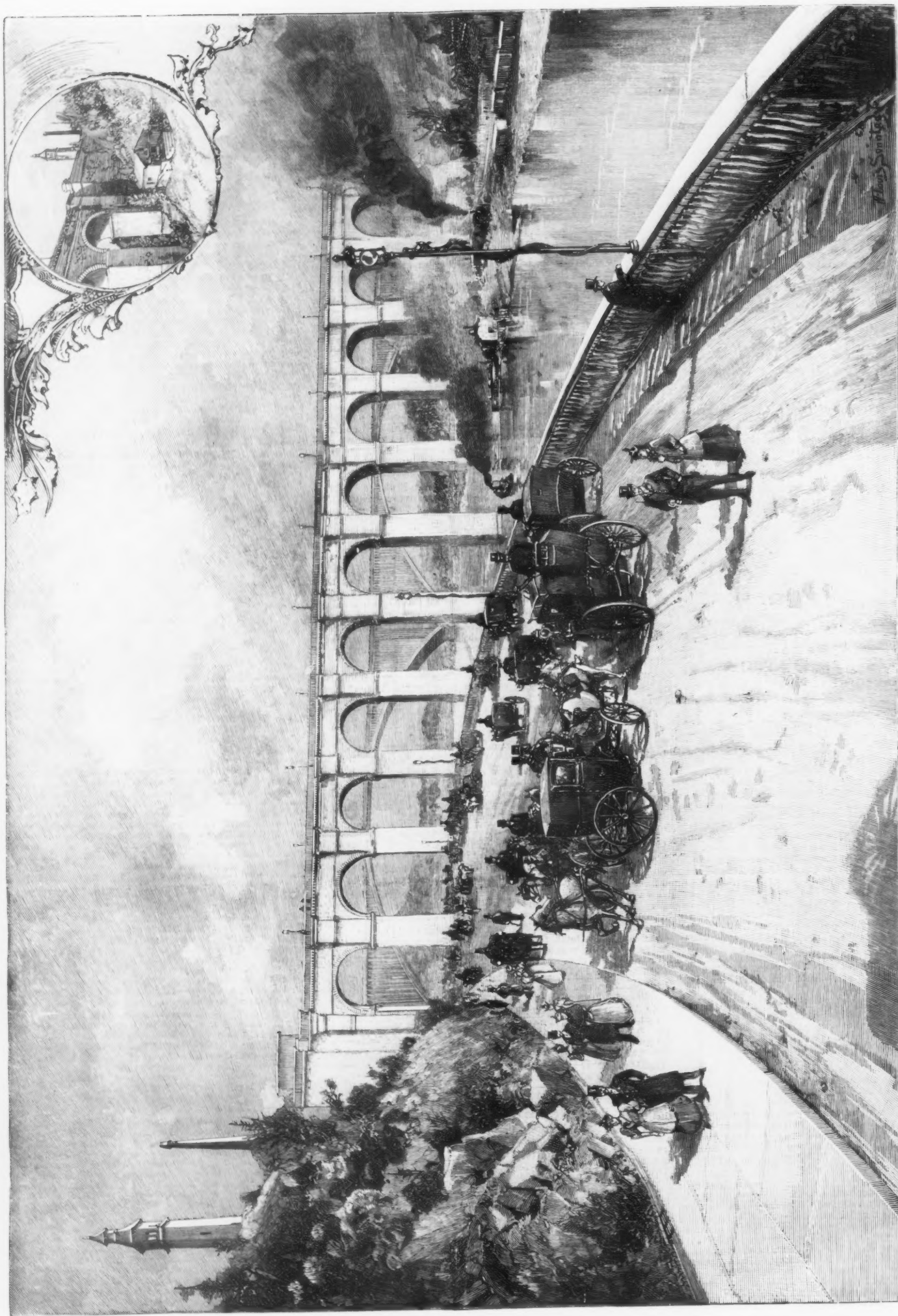
COSTIN—POST.

At Baltimore on November 23, at Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Miss Elizabeth Post, daughter of Richard B. Post of that city, was married to Mr. William Francis Costin of Virginia. The four bridesmaids were Miss Margaret H. Post, Miss Achsah Preston, Miss Maud Tarleton and Miss Evelyn Early, all of Baltimore. Miss Martha E. Post was maid of honor. Mr. James Whitebridge was best man and the following gentlemen acted as ushers: Richard H. Chamberlaine of Norfolk, Robert B. Taylor, Jr., of Norfolk, Harry D. Kencett of Virginia, Dr. William P. Howell of Philadelphia, Louis H. Hosmer of Washington, A. H. T. Post, Eugene Post and Robert L. Preston.

ROBINSON—DAVIES.

Mr. Walter Germain-Robinson, formerly of New Orleans, was married on Wednesday to Mrs. Edith Davies, widow of R. K. Davies, at the Church of St. Francis Xavier. Rev. Wm. O'Brien Pardon, Provincial of the Jesuit order, performed the ceremony, being assisted by the Rev. Fathers Denny and McKinnon.

The bride wore a gown of silver-gray brocade, figured with white and trimmed with duchesse lace and a small bonnet of gray silk velvet trimmed with steel passementerie. The bridesmaid, Miss Alice Beardsley, wore a cloth and velvet costume of dark plum color. The best man was Mr. R. Grier Monroe. The ushers were Messrs. Nathaniel G. Ingraham, C. Stacy Clark, Clinton Gillmore and George Louis Boissevain.



THE PROPOSED SPEEDWAY ALONG THE HARLEM.
(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by W. LOUIS SONSTAG, JR., from plans.)



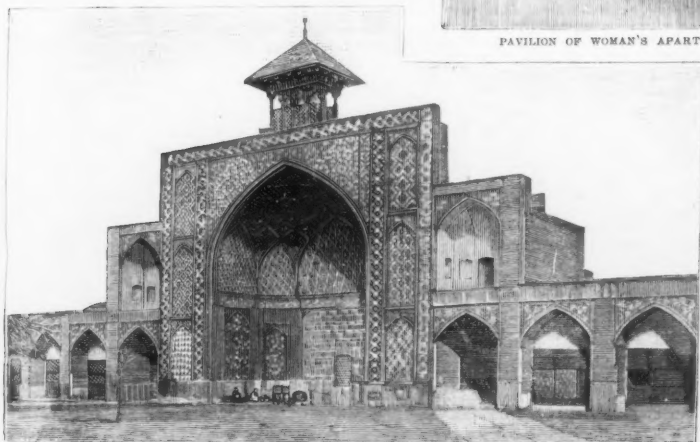
PERSIAN WOMAN IN HOUSE DRESS.



PAVILION OF WOMAN'S APARTMENTS—PALACE OF THE SHAH.



PERSIAN HOLY MENDICANT OR DERVISH.



CLOISTERS OF A MOSQUE IN PERSIA.



PERSIAN HOUSE OF MIDDLE AND UPPER CLASS.



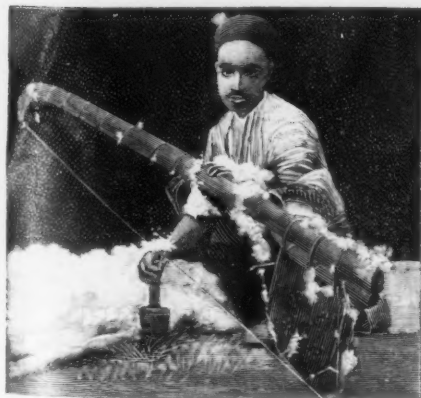
LADY IN STREET DRESS.



ONE OF THE THRONES OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA.



TURKOMANS OF EASTERN PERSIA.



A COTTON BEATER.



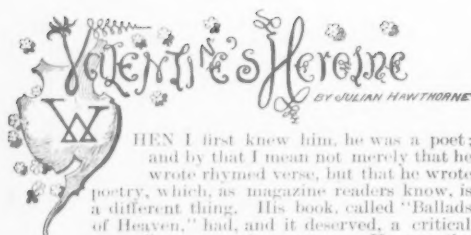
STROLLING SHOWMEN.



BREAD VENDER IN PERSIAN BAZAR.

PEOPLE AND PLACES IN PERSIA.

(See page 7.)



WHEN I first knew him, he was a poet; and by that I mean not merely that he wrote rhymed verse, but that he wrote poetry, which, as magazine readers know, is a different thing. His book, called "Ballads of Heaven," had, and it deserved, a critical as well as a popular success. He was the coming man in his high calling. It was felt that we could spare our older men, whose reputation was secure, now that we had this young giant of song, who was so masculine, so tender, so sublime, so melodious. There was no flight which he did not seem competent to achieve.

I knew him quite intimately at that time. This was a privilege enjoyed by few. I listened to many of his best things before the world knew of them—often before they had even been committed to paper; for he had the faculty of carrying long pieces of composition in his head for weeks and months at a time; and he said he could refine and polish them better before writing them down than afterward. The spirit in them was still free, as it were, and able to mold at will its material garment. That mind of his was like an exquisite and lordly palace, fit to house whatever was human and beautiful. His imagination kindled and created, like the vital fire of the sun. Beyond any one I have known the conceptions of his genius were real to him. The same used to be said of Balzac; doubtless it is so with all really great writers. His conceptions were not cunning compositions built up feature by feature and limb by limb, partly the outcome of observation and partly of impressions from literature; but they sprang out of him fully made and alive, like Pallas from the head of Jove; they were actual creatures, lacking only visibility and substance to take their place with men and women after the flesh. So far as he was concerned they were the arbiters of their own acts and destinies. His part, after giving them projection, was, as he often has said to me, only to follow them and watch them, and tell of them so much as belonged to art. He was never foolish or profane enough to check or hinder them for preconceived purposes of his own poor devising. He would as soon have thought of lying about them as of lying about his friends or himself.

Valentine's activity lasted four years—no more. Then, with his greatest poem incomplete, he died; and the true reason of his sudden end has never been known. I know more than any one of the circumstances attending it; but they do not explain it, in any ordinary sense. That is one reason why I have kept them all these years to myself. Of course I have my own views about the matter; but they are by no means likely to be generally accepted. But now that the new edition of his poems is to come out, including that great last fragment of "Viola," I have made up my mind to tell the facts that I know, and leave them to the interpretation of whose cares to ponder them.

Remember, in the first place, that "Viola" is founded on fact. She was the beautiful daughter of a painter of the sixteenth century, and her portrait is the theme of many of her famous father's noblest works. Valentine himself possessed one of these; and though it is not the largest nor the best known, he always held it to be the best, and he was an adequate judge. He had a legend, by the way, that it was originally the property of an ancestor of his own on the mother's side; she came of an Italian family, and though the picture had been hers only within a comparatively short time, yet it had come to her from one of her Italian kinsmen. Valentine told me that the original owner had been a lover of Viola's; but she had never married, and he had been obliged to content himself with this marvelous portrait. It was almost to be regarded as a fair compensation; especially as it was to-day as brilliant and exquisite as ever, while Viola herself had been in the grave more than three hundred years. "She has been the bride of every true man of my race," said Valentine, "and for my part I love her and know her better than any so-called real person."

This was before he began his poem. But, for that matter, I cannot say exactly when he did begin it; I only know that it was singing and dancing through his mind long before he thought of writing any of it down. Possibly it had always been with him—a part of his soul which was born gradually, and grew with his growth, until at last the hour was ripe and it lived its separate life. But why speculate about the mysterious movements going on in the depths of a poet's mind? As another poet has said, we "cannot fathom it." All I can say is, that one evening, after we had been talking of high things and then had fallen silent for awhile, he suddenly electrified me by rolling forth that magnificent piece of description in which Viola is presented to the reader. I felt as if her presence were in the room. So she walked, so looked she, and thus spoke. No doubt his voice, the hour and the shadows of the room added to the effect; but at all events, it would not in the least have surprised me then if the long curtain in the doorway had floated apart, and Viola, with her red-gold hair, her white arms and superb shoulders, her stately, slender throat, her delicate, strong, immortal face, and her grand Venetian robe, had appeared, glowing in the dark aperture.

From this time the poem went on like the march of a mighty music. It describes the culminating incident of Viola's strange and beautiful, though tragic, career; while one reads it, the present slips out of sight, and becomes preposterous and faint, and it is the scene of the poem that is the reality. The ancient Venice lives once more, and around us grow the marble interiors of the palaces, the glimmer of polished columns half hid with tapestry, the dark golden walls, the painted ceilings, the plash of the water against the outer steps, the scent of flowers and the sound of dulcimers; and men and women moved about, glittering and splendid, passionate and mysterious, with fathomless eyes and white, jeweled hands. The heights of art, the abysses of crime, the blaze of power, the fever of ambition, existed and palpitated side by side. Never before nor since in the

world's history have there been such a period and such a people; and never have they been so portrayed as in this poem of Valentine's.

Valentine was a musician as well as a poet, and he had in his room a piano to whose consolation and inspiration he often resorted. True poetry seems to involve music; but there can have been few poets who could play with such marvelous effect as could Valentine. When, one night, we had been talking of Viola, and he had been telling me of things she said and did, precisely as if he and she had spent the day together, he went to the piano and began to touch the keys. I did not recognize what he was playing; probably it was something of his own composition; it seemed like a continuance of our conversation on a loftier and more harmonious plane, and the theme was Viola still.

There was no light in the large room, except on the piano; it fell with a mellow luster on the ivory keys and on the grand, shaggy head of my friend. But, looking away from it, the remoter parts of the room were obscurely defined, and there was a reflection from yonder ebony bookstand, and a gleam from the tall Venetian mirror over against the door. Imperceptibly my eyes became fixed upon this mirror, which was also an heirloom of Valentine's, and may, in some long past age, have reflected the lovely form of Viola herself.

I ceased consciously to hear the music, and only felt its meaning. The sounds became transformed into emotion and imaginative vision; I felt the thrill of passion, and it was identified with a glorious figure, proud, beautiful, adorable, feminine. I was aware of the fragrance of her breath, of the warm pulsations of her heart, of the thready masses of her golden hair, of the voluptuous sweetness of her mouth, of the brilliance of her dark, bewildering eyes. My own heart began to beat faster and my breath to quicken. Viola was near!

The carved doorway, with its silken curtain, was imaged in the mirror, and upon that image my senses were concentrated, as upon the opening into that stately age in which Viola lived. Its depths were shadowy; but I could discern the vertical folds of the silken fabric, the chasings of the door-frame, and the subdued sheen of the hues, rich as the background of a picture of Titian's. The air was still, save as it vibrated to the strings of Valentine's instrument; but I saw the curtain tremble, and then it was drawn aside with a quiet, decisive movement, and in the opening, her white hand holding back the silken folds and a sumptuous smile upon her crimson lips, stood Viola herself.

She wore the loose but gorgeous robe in which her portrait had been painted; a long girdle confined it at the waist, but it drooped from her left shoulder and breast so that they shone in the gloom like rounded ivory. Indeed, as she stood there, so was she portrayed in the painting, which hung, as I knew, in the chamber beyond, over the foot of Valentine's bed. There hung the ancient canvas; but did it still bear the form of Viola? I felt no agitation—not even wonder; but a sensation of calm delight ineffable. The miracle, I knew, was not for me, although by reason of my love for Valentine and sympathy with him, I was permitted to behold it. Valentine, meanwhile, did not turn in his chair nor cease to touch the keys; but I knew that he saw the figure and understood the meaning and mystery of its presence far more clearly and intimately than I.

Her glance traveled over me with a princely though gracious indifference, and rested on Valentine. Her bosom rose and fell, stirring the links of heavy gold that lay upon it; her soft, tapering fingers, glittering with rings, slid down the curtain-fold, and she made a step forward into the room. Beneath the hem of her robe I saw the slender arch of a foot, shod in a jeweled slipper. She lived—she loved—she was approaching!

Valentine lifted his great head, and smote the keys with a triumphant power. As the music rang through the room, Viola's figure seemed to expand and grow brighter and more distinct; an opaline fire came and went in her oval cheeks, her eyes shot rays of ardent light, her lips parted as if to speak, and almost could I hear the rustle of her skirt as it trailed over the polished floor as she drew near. Yes, she drew near. Gazing intently in the mirror, I judged that in another moment she must reach a point where not her reflection only, but herself, would appear. Should I see her in flesh and blood? Should I be permitted to touch her hand? What was to happen?

All at once the emotion and agitation which had hitherto been withheld fell upon me with overpowering force. I trembled, I feared, and I doubted, too! Was this hallucination, or a truth? If it were truth, I must assure myself of it by seeing her, not in a glass, darkly, but face to face. And with the thought I started from my chair, turned, and looked. At the same instant, with a crash, the music stopped. No glorious figure of womanhood stood in the room. The curtain in the doorway waved for a moment and then was still; and that was all.

I turned again to look at Valentine. He sat with his elbows supported on the keys, his face hidden in his hands. For a time he remained motionless. But at last he raised his head, swung himself slowly about and faced me. His countenance was pale, the eyes glowed under his heavy brows, and a stern expression, gradually softening into a smile, passed across his mouth.

"The strain was too much for you," he said. "I should have prepared you for it. Had you held out only a moment more . . . Faith can remove mountains. But, even as it is, you have been admitted to a secret which no one else has suspected or is worthy to know. I wished to make you the confidant of my happiness, and of hers. She was willing to attempt the experiment, though she questioned the possibility of its success. But there must be absolute belief beyond the sphere of sense. I do not blame you—I should rather blame myself. Had you known what I knew, and drawn from the past the inheritance and sympathies that came to me, you would not have failed."

"How long has this been so?" I asked. "It was always so, though hidden at first as in a mist. But the mists were gradually dissipated, and we advanced through them toward each other until at length we met. The effort and purpose were mutual; she achieved not less than I."

"Can genius work such a miracle?" I murmured. "It is no miracle, but the fulfillment of a law. Thought gives form; love, substance. There is no yesterday or to-morrow for the soul. But for our feeble faith, this illusive veil of matter could be put on and

off at will. But the senses must be conquered before they can be trusted to weave the letter upon the spirit. I would speak more plainly if I could."

"It was a noble privilege you desired for me," said I, with a sigh.

"But it was a desire not free from selfishness," he answered.

"How so?"

He did not at once reply, but sank into a reverie. At last he said:

"Had you been able to wait a few heart-beats longer she would have appeared to you in the flesh, and then that state would have become permanent with her. As it is, it has been transient, and must now always remain so. Though I can summon her forth for a while, as you have seen, I cannot by my unaided power retain her. When the spell is intermitted, she vanishes. But your influence, added to mine and hers, would have sufficed to hold her. I can only tell you this—not explain it."

Then I understood how much he had forgiven me. "What will be the end of it?" I asked him, later.

"We shall be together," was his reply; "more of the future than that I cannot certainly see."

"But I have marred your happiness?"

"No. It has two gates; and if one be closed, the other remains open."

The significance of this saying was not revealed to me till afterward.

During some months following I saw him almost every day, and he continued to work on his poem; but the subject of his mysterious relations with Viola was never again referred to between us. In the autumn I was obliged to leave town, and did not see Valentine again till December. He had given me a pass-key to his rooms, and I lost no time in going to him. When I opened the door, I saw him seated at his piano, leaning back in an easy position in his chair. But when I approached and touched him on his shoulder to awaken him from his reverie, I saw that he was dead. It could not have been many minutes since his spirit passed, for the body was yet warm. I learned afterward that death was caused by a sudden stoppage of the heart.

I have never seen upon a human face an expression of felicity so profound as was written upon his.

Upon the finger of his left hand was a ring, a curious and beautiful antique, which he had never worn before, to my knowledge; but I had seen its counterpart upon the painted hand of Viola, and, unless I mistake, it had gleamed on the hand of that unforgotten vision in the Venetian mirror.

Valentine left a will, in which he bequeathed me the portrait of Viola in his chamber. I had it removed to my apartment. But within a few days a singular change came over it. Hitherto it had been as clear and bright as on the day when the master put the final touch upon it; but now it began to darken rapidly, shadow deepening over shadow upon its surface, until scarce a trace of the radiant form was discernible. No skill of restorers could recall it; and to-day it is but an expanse of darkness, in which, however, I see many things which belong to memory and hope, and can never be revealed to others.

WHERE THE CHRISTMAS TREE GROWS.

IN the pine forests of Maine, some weeks before Christmas, the woodman's ax is busy cutting down the greenest and shapeliest trees to carry into the towns for sale. From the heart of the silent woods, where, with foot sturdily planted in the snow-drift, they stand in stately companies, their spreading foliage, dark and odoriferous, tapering heavenward, and the cold winds sighing in their tops, they will shortly be transplanted to the warmth and splendor of the homes of the rich and to the modest comfort of the less fortunate, where they will be made to bloom with gaudy flowers and shine with soft-colored lights, and bear the strangest fruit that ever hung on tree. How the children's eyes will gladden when they see the full glory of the Christmas tree, and with what glad impatience they will await their turn to pluck from its loaded boughs some of the bright and golden harvest it bears.

But it is not of this the woodman thinks as he makes the splinters fly and piles the fallen trees on his cart, and whips up his trusty nag along the road to the water-side. He is more occupied with thoughts of his own Christmas cheer, which is to come out of the products of his industry. Down to the wharf he jogs contentedly, where the vessels lie waiting to carry his fragrant wares along the coast to their appointed destination. After he has emptied his load, and the good money and true they have brought him jingles in his pocket, he follows them no further in his thoughts. He does not know nor care of the fond fathers and mothers and happy, laughing children who will crowd round them in the market-places, to choose with infinite care and delight the straightest and greenest and most graceful of the lot. But it warms his heart to think of the big jars that will line his cupboard at Christmas, of the thick shawl he will be able to buy for his old woman, of the turkey that will smoke on his board, and many other little innocent joys which the rich, God help them! have never tasted, nor never will.—(See page 13.)

"Did any man ever yet make anything by opposing a woman's will?" exclaimed a tormented husband.

"Yes, I have made a good deal by that sort of thing," answered his brother Richard.

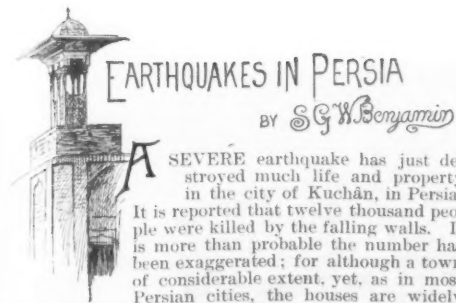
"But, Dick," responded the other, "you're a lawyer, and the woman whose will you opposed was always dead."

Boozy Dooley (getting familiar with the magistrate) — "It's a fine day, your honor."

Magistrate—"You're right; and this time it will cost you ten shillings."

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.



EARTHQUAKES IN PERSIA

BY S. W. BENJAMIN

A SEVERE earthquake has just destroyed much life and property in the city of Kuchan, in Persia. It is reported that twelve thousand people were killed by the falling walls. It is more than probable the number has been exaggerated; for although a town of considerable extent, yet, as in most Persian cities, the houses are widely scattered. Except in the heart of the city, about the bazars, the dwellings stand alone in the midst of gardens. This is not the first time Kuchan has suffered in this way. Nearly forty years ago it was overthrown by a violent earthquake, and has for ages been one of the seismic centers of that region.

Some surprise has been expressed that a district so remote from oceanic waters, near which most earthquakes occur, should be subject to such calamities. It is now well understood that there is some occult relation between volcanoes and earthquakes. If not always coincident, the law is yet so often evident that when not apparent it may be assumed that this is because the subterranean connections have not yet been discovered. Active volcanoes or volcanic ranges are found near large sheets of water, the ocean, for example. The great earthquakes of history have generally occurred near the littoral of the ocean.

Now there is a great range of mountains in Asia trending east and west, beginning in Armenia, running across Northern Persia, and reaching toward Central Asia, until it joins the Thibetan group. It goes by different names in various localities, such as the Elborz, the Demavend, the Allah Hoo Aebâr, the Daman-i-kuh or the Hindoo Kush. A large part of this range is bathed on the north by the Euxine, the Caspian and the Aral Seas, all salt, and all surviving parts of a larger sea which once spread across the lower Caucasus and the northeastern province of Persia called Kharassân, much of whose area is now a desert of sand and salt.

The Caspian Sea is a body of water seven hundred and forty miles long, with an average breadth of nearly three hundred and fifty miles, being over four hundred and thirty miles wide in the north. The total area is one hundred and eighty thousand square miles. While part is shallow, the greater portion of this sea is deep, especially in the south, where it measures five hundred fathoms. A point to consider in this connection is the fact that the Volga, the Ural, the Arax and many other large rivers pour an enormous quantity of water into the Caspian; while, on the other hand, it has no visible outlet. The large evaporation going on during the warm season does not sufficiently account for the maintenance of the average level of this sea. There must be underground sources of escape for this water. This seems to be made reasonably evident by the fact that, although Persia, south of the Elborz, is one of the driest countries

Not to speak of other peaks, attention may be called to Mount Damanend, the loftiest point between the Himalayas and the Andes. It is nearly twenty-one thousand feet high; the chief crater is one of the largest in the world. The floor of this crater is over ten thousand feet above the sea. At the northern end, out of the depressed plain or bottom of the crater rises the cone, ten thousand feet higher. This volcano, although quiescent, is not yet extinct. It is true that many ages have gone since it has exhibited any active eruption; but the stones at the rim of the peak are still warm, and sulphur is constantly forming there—all of which shows that the giant in the caverns below is not dead, but simply sleep-



REMAINS OF MOSQUE IN EASTERN PERSIA, NEAR KUCHAN.

ing. When he turns in his sleep, then there is an earthquake in Persia. Now what we maintain is that the proximity of the Caspian Sea to the mountains of Northern Persia is sufficient to account for the earthquakes of that region. The city of Kuchan, which has so recently suffered in this way, lies at the foot of the Allah Hoo Aebâr Mountains, and is scarcely one hundred miles east from the Caspian.

Kuchan, like all the towns of the Persian plateau, is built of sun-dried bricks. That there should be such loss of life from the falling of one-story adobe structures may seem unaccountable. But the danger when such buildings fall is not so much from the walls as from the roof. The roofs are flat, sloping perhaps half an inch in the foot, to allow water to flow off, and are formed of the untrimmed trunks of poplars, closely laid across from wall to wall. Brushwood is thrown on these, and over all a thick layer of mud, mixed with straw, is spread and rolled smooth. It dries hard, and forms a promenade and a sleeping-place during the greater part of the year. Every year a fresh layer of mud is added. Thus in time there is a solid mass of earth over a foot thick on the roof, and a great weight rests on the timbers. Still in that dry climate such a roof lasts for years. The thick adobe walls and the inner or ceiling side of the roof timbers are coated with plaster, which is often very artistically decorated. While the plaster is cared for and the places where the timbers rest on the walls are protected from weather or fractures the danger is slight. But if any orifice is left where the winter rains can reach the adobe wall, then it crumbles away and the roof falls in on the people below. Serious accidents from this cause are by no means uncommon. This I apprehend to have been the chief cause for the great loss of life in the earthquake at Kuchan.

Kiln-burned bricks are sometimes used in Persia, especially for minarets or towers, whence the muezzin announces the hour for prayer five times a day, and for the bad-gher or ventilating towers of the mansions of the wealthy, and also for the angles or corners of the better class of adobe houses and in the loftier pavilions of royalty. But, as a rule, adobe forms the basis for almost every structure in Persia, from the peasant's hut to the most splendid mosque. The mosques, city gates, public and civic buildings and many of the private dwellings are incrustated wholly or in part with beautiful glazed tiles, arranged in elaborate designs. The old mosques were completely covered, inside and out, with such tiles, in many cases glorious with the iridescent glazes which are the despair of the modern ceramic artist, and are no longer made in Persia itself. The secret seems to have been lost when the terrible Mahmoud the Afghan devastated Persia, early in the eighteenth century. Both adobe and glazed tiles were used in Persia as far back as the dawn of history.

These architectural features are due to the genial climate and also to many of the habits and customs of Persia. Life in Persia is out-of-doors. It rains and snows for two months. Then the roses bloom suddenly and in vast profusion about the 1st of March; the No Rooz, or New Year, occurs at the spring solstice, and from that time no rain falls for ten months, and the dew is imperceptible. During the summer heats people travel at night, and all manner of toil practically ceases during the middle of the day. But whatever the time of the year, when Persians work it is generally in the open air. The baker selling his very palatable unleavened bread, in sheets like sides of leather, squats on a mat in the street; the carpenter planes and saws in the street in front of his shop; the cotton-beater simply seeks a wall to keep the wind from blowing away the fluffy white stuff. The professional story-teller recites under the great plane-trees in the market-place, the government official transacts business in an open pavilion, and the professor or pedagogue give lessons in the open cloisters of the mosques, or on the floor of an apartment open entirely on one side to the garden.

The women, from highest to lowest, must have their faces closely veiled when abroad; but at home, whatever be their rank, they all wear a very scant pattern of clothing, a costume of which jewelry and embroidery form the chief part. In such a climate as that of Persia mendicancy is not without its attractions for a lazy man, especially if he adds to it the claim of being a dervish or santou. The latter credential is sure to win him a certain respect, and a meal of rice and fruit is seldom refused him. A place to sleep can be found anywhere; for the sky is the roof of ninety-nine per cent of the sleepers in Persia for the greater part of the year. Thus the dirty and galliard dervish wanders about the country on his meek donkey or humpbacked cow, unambitious and content.

For the rest, we may say that the people of Central and Southern Persia are almost entirely of Aryan stock, and their language is the Yend, a branch of the Sanskrit. Since the conversion of the country to Islamism, considerable Arabic has been grafted on the language, somewhat as Latin words are borrowed by the English tongue. But in the north of Persia many of the people are Nestorians, or Chaldees, Armenians, Turks and Turkomans. The latter are a sad lot. They make some of the finest rugs of Asia; but are semi-barbarian predatory nomads, addicted to brigandage. Those across the border in Turkestan proper harried Eastern Persia for ages, sometimes riding as far west as Ispahan, and carrying off booty and prisoners, just as the Indians swept on the colonies of North America. But of late years this fearful scourge has been greatly modified by the severe discipline of some of the shah's governors and the subjection of Khiva and Merv to Russian rule. The people of Kuchan are chiefly of Turkish origin, together with a colony of Kurds, exiled there ages ago from Eastern Persia on account of their turbulence.—(See page 5.)

"COLUMBIA," GEM OF THE OCEAN.

MR. GEORGE O'DONOUGHUE of the Navy Department writes to us, asking us to state that the new cruiser *Columbia* was not named after the city of the same name in South Carolina, but after the District of Columbia. Small matter which, but to be accurate is always well. One thing is sure—the cruiser is really the gem of the ocean, and might well be rechristened "Hail Columbia." And this makes appropriate a little reference to the author of our national air, Joseph Hopkinson, whose portrait we publish in this number. He was born in Philadelphia, November 12, 1770, where for many years he practiced law, and became eminent in his profession. "Hail Columbia" was written by Hopkinson in 1798, during the war between France and England, when our people were much divided in sentiment. Judge Hop-



kinson himself gives the following account of how he came to write the song:

"The theatre was then open in our city; a young man, belonging to it, whose talent as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me on Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. He said he had twenty boxes taken, and his prospect was that he should suffer a loss, instead of receiving a benefit, from the performance; but that, if he could procure a patriotic song, adapted to the tune of 'The President's March,' then the popular air, he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corp had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied no words could be composed to suit the music of that march. I told him I would try for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to excess, and so continued, night after night, for the rest of the whole season, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general, and the song was heard, I may say, in every part of the United States."

The author himself explained at the time that his object in writing the song was to get up a true American spirit "independent of and above the interests, passions and policy of both belligerents." Posterity has shown that he succeeded admirably. His motto always was: "Amor patriæ."

Lady—"Oh, Mr. Spendum, some one has walked into the hall and stolen your spring overcoat!"
Mr. Spendum (gayly)—"No matter, no matter; I'll soon get it back. He'll doubtless attempt to pawn it, and every pawnbroker in the town knows my spring overcoat."

Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

Our readers who suffer from Lung diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment, known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.



PERSIAN MUSICIANS.

in the world—the rivers being small and often losing themselves in the desert—yet an abundance of water can be obtained almost everywhere by digging a few feet below the surface. Quicksands also abound.

Persian agriculture is wholly dependent on irrigation, and water for irrigation is obtained by tapping the springs in the foothills. The greater part of Persia is a tableland, raised from three to four thousand feet above the sea. The cities and villages are lower than the mountain springs. The water is conducted by subterranean channels called "connaughts." Shafts are sunk at brief intervals, and the channel is conducted from one to the other. At the outset, the bed of the "connaught" is forty or fifty feet deep, gradually diminishing in depth as it nears a town; then it comes to the surface, and is seen coursing as a mountain brook through the streets and gardens. Wherever irrigation waters the soil the vegetation is luxuriant. But wherever the "connaught" is below the surface of the plain, there are vast arid wastes skirted by distant ranges, like islands of the sea, and grazed by wild asses and gazelles.

Now the conclusion that follows these facts is, that the enormous volume of the Caspian Sea, seeking an outlet by subterranean sources, is quite sufficient to account for the earthquakes which are frequent in Northern Persia. That the mountain ranges of that region are of volcanic origin there is not the slightest doubt.



BROADWAY AND THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, WITH VIEW OF "THE ROSARY."

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by HENGOUGH.—See page 8.)



THE MALE "SVAT" PRESENTS HIMSELF



THE FEMALE SVAT IN GALA DRESS



THE BETHROTHAL SINGER



MALE AND FEMALE "SVAT" LAYING THEIR PLANS



THE MALE SVAT AND THE PROSPECTIVE BRIDE



THE PROSPECTIVE BRIDE



THE SVAT IN A FIX

RUSSIAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.

THAT the city of New York is constantly growing more and more cosmopolitan in its population, its tastes and its modes of life must be apparent to all careful observers within its precincts. In this connection the Chicago World's Fair can be said to have exercised its share of influence and to have attracted a large quota of foreigners to Gotham's already overcrowded habitations. The metropolis of the East can now boast an Irish quarter, a Hebrew quarter, an Italian quarter, a German quarter, a Chinese quarter, a Syrian quarter, a Bohemian quarter, and so forth *ad libitum*. It contains theaters in which the masterpieces of every nation are produced in the original tongue, and its clubs and cafés are so many babels of strange and clashing vernaculars.

Gotham's latest fad is Russian music and drama. Two separate organizations from Russia, the Lineff Opera Company and the Slavonic Choir, will delight New Yorkers this winter with selections from the best Russian authors and composers. The illustrations elsewhere show the leading characters in a dramatic and musical performance entitled "Russian Peasant Wedding," which will be produced during the holidays. It is a faithful representation of customs and ceremonies still in use among the peasantry of North Russia. The music and the words were collected by Madame Lineff herself, and arranged together so as to form a complete picture.

The wedding ceremonial has more importance in the eyes of the Russian peasants than even the rites of the Church, and is replete with suggestions of prehistoric customs among the Slavonic tribes; as, for instance, the marriage by capture and by purchase. Marriage is the turning-point in the life of a peasant girl. The days of her maidenhood are considered her golden time. Love matches are rare among the peasantry, and the girl has little chance to choose her future husband. In most

(Continued on page 10.)



THE BRIDE'S MOTHER

THE "SVAT" OR RUSSIAN GO-BETWEEN.

COSTUMES AND SCENES FROM THE RUSSIAN COMIC OPERA.

cases the decision lays with her parents, and often she is obliged to go to some distant place, leaving behind father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends and home associations. No wonder so many of the Russian songs relating to married life are so sad and pathetic.

The most interesting, or, at all events, the most comical characters in the performance above mentioned are the two match makers, male and female, called "Svats." In their efforts to bring about a union between the prospective bride and bridegroom, they are constantly being interfered with by the mischievous boys and girls of the household. Finally the "Svats" succeed in their designs, and in the fourth scene the Svakh (female matchmaker) is seen undoing the bride's hair, while a young girl combs it out, and as a sign of leave-taking it is parted into a single braid again for the last time in her life. The second act presents the Marriage Feast, with the ever busy "Svats" attending to their respective duties—the male looking after the invitations, the female keeping her eye on the bride. The whole proceeding ends with a great banquet, at which every one is made happy and—tipsy, until the dawn of early morn disperses the revelers.

ABELLE HELENE

Behind the scenes with Miss Terry

I AM sitting before the curtain in pleased anticipation—not because it is the first night of "Becket" in New York, for I have seen the play in London; nor because "Abbey's" lovely new theater has thrown wide its portals to the distinguished throng slowly gathering; nor because I have given myself ten minutes' grace to thoroughly master the grand proportions of this new fairy temple of the Drama, which seems to have sprung up as though aided by a magician's hand; nor because the beauties of the architectural construction and the elaborate though chaste decorations of sea-foam green, picked out with dead gold and cream, make a veritable feast for the eyes; but because I have received a lovely letter from Ellen Terry, bidding me come to her drawing-room after the "show" for a chat, and that letter is like a whiff of home.

"A penny for your thoughts," says a laughing voice; "the curtain is certainly delightfully chaste and elegant in design; but does it quite deserve that rapt, meditative gaze?"

I turn hastily to find my expected friend, a tall, lily-complexioned, queenly girl, quietly ensconced at my side.



MISS ELLEN TERRY.

"My dear, I beg your pardon," I exclaim; "read this"—and I put my letter in her hand—"and envy me."

She does, to my heart's content; but we have no time to talk, for just then the curtains part and disclose the first scene of "Becket." To my mind, the whole of the first act is irrelevant and uninteresting—a stringing together of scenes to introduce the different personages—from the time when the King (William Cenis) flings the chessmen on the boards and upsets the table in a petulant, childish fit of anger, thereby giving the dainty, proud Queen (Jessie Millward), with her clear-cut cameo features and her gorgeous robes of cloth of gold, embroidered with sparkling gems, a fitting opportunity to glide on the stage; to the time when, at the close, haughty Becket (Irving) introduces beautiful Rosamond (Ellen Terry) and grants her an escort to a place of safety. But the second act is a thing of beauty and a joy for the night. No amount of praise can do adequate justice to the tragic majesty of the priestly Becket, as, in his intense devotion, his towering faith in the Church, he hurls anathemas at the head of My Lord of York and defies the king's commands.

"The acting certainly makes up for Tennyson's feeble lyrics," whispers the voice at my side.

At last here we have Rosamond again! Is she not a fitting goddess for this sunlit rose-bedecked bower, with its quaint sun-dial and its leafy background of forest glade? But quite the daintiest bit of the whole conception (for, after all, 'tis but a shadowy sketch, filled in by incomparable talent) is when—her royal lover-husband gone, her child out of sight playing with his newly-acquired toy—Rosamond steps on the rose-bedecked mound and, with the sunlight streaming full on her upturned face, a halo of golden hair framing her pure brow, her

hands raised in supplication and her exquisite form outlined in some shimmering, gauzy material, with embroidered hem of roses, she chants her ode to the rainbow.

"Quite Tennysonian, this," echoes my friend.

The idyllic scene changes quickly with the advent of the Queen on murder bent; Rosamond has the choice of poison, dagger or infamy. The dagger is about to strike home to Rosamond's heart, when the murderess's hand is arrested, the insanely jealous woman forced on her knees, the weapon, impelled by the shock, falls harmless to the ground, and one word rings out on the hushed stillness: "Murderess!" Then melting accents fall as balm on Rosamond's broken heart and crushed, fragile form: "Poor soul! Poor soul! My daughter, get thee to Godstone Nunnery." The key-note is struck to the Martyr's end; to the King's magnificently delivered historical tirade ending, "Will no one rid me of this pestilent priest!" to the murmured words of the lonely tragic figure: "I go to meet my King!" as he proceeds to the sanctuary, there to meet his doom; the agonized cry of the soul about to quit the tortured body, the appealing glance to the shrine, the broken petition, "Into thy hands, Lord!" cut short by a wail of anguish as a figure comes flying down the steps, clad in the white robes of the novice, "Mercy! mercy!" comes from the agonized lips of the shrinking form; but she comes too late. The mighty figure, with a muffled groan, crashes o'er the sanctuary steps, dead! No grimacing; no mawkish sentiment, but truly death, in all its awful majesty and grim reality. And by that silent "It" kneels the white-robed novice.

Deafening cheers rend the air! I jump up.

"Going already?" quoths my friend of the lily complexion; "surely you'll wait for the speech?"

"Not much," quoth I; "I'm not going to have all my illusions spoiled by seeing Becket come to life again. We'll talk it over to-morrow."

I hastily take my departure and rush round to the stage door. I fairly take the doorkeeper's breath away as I gasp out: "Where's the green-room, man?" I have to take breath. "Show me to the green-room!" "There isn't any, mam!" "Nonsense! Whoever heard of a theatre without a green-room!"

"Seeing as you take it so much to heart, mam, I'm real sorry; but there wasn't room to build one."

I stare at the man aghast—another of my hopes gone. How on earth can I describe what doesn't exist? With an injured air, said I:

"It's of no consequence; take me to the stage!"

It's the man's turn to stare at me now.

"But, mam, it's right before you."

"Bless my stupidity, man, so it is."

I thrust a gratuity into his hand, knowing my editor—bless his heart!—will make it good, and literally tumble head-first on the stage. There's my divinity in the novice's robes surrounded by an awful crowd; I can't get near her. I have scarcely time to wonder whether there is any magnetism in my distressed glance, when suddenly she parts the crowd and moves my way. I rush forward, take both her hands and jerk out:

"I've come! Where's the green-room?"

She peals out in a merry trill of laughter:

"You just go in my dressing-room, witch! and wait there for me."

"Not much, Ellen Terry!" I exclaim. "I shall just wait for you right here, and then where you go, I go."

She tucks her hand into mine, bows to the crowd, and we proceed up two flights of stairs into her sanctum or disrobing-room, passing Becket (Irving) on the way, who seems to have come very much to life again. But this is a detail.

"Ellen Terry," I exclaim, as soon as I get over those distressing symptoms caused by steep stairs, "I write—" "Oh, I know," she merrily adds. "For fame and the press."

"Not a bit of it, my dear; for a living, and for ONCE A WEEK."

"What, my ONCE A WEEK that I get in England, and always read with such interest? Oh, that's quite another *paix de manches*. What do you want me to do?"

"Please talk about yourself."

"Very well." Then, with an air of resignation and in a very meek tone of voice, she adds: "I'm one of fourteen children; my mother is a saint to have had so many; I only have two, Ailsa and Jordan Craig. My work never tires me. I delight in it. I'm just what you see me—a bundle of nerves, my duty done; but as strong as a lion on the stage. I hate the part of Rosamond. Thank goodness! next week I'll be something worth being—Portia."

It's good to listen to her; she's such a thorough woman, this great actress, who has fame and the world at her feet. Such a very woman, indeed, that when incidentally I confess to witchcraft of a mild order, one pretty pink palm is straightway thrust out to me, then hurriedly drawn back because of a wee taint of stage dust that desecrates its daintiness. A dash of cologne removes the reproach, and behold! the order of things reversed—the enchantress who held me spellbound but ten minutes since now hangs breathless on my oracular words.

I may not tell all the secrets I read in the delicate lines and crosslines of the palm I peruse with such intensity of interest; but when I hint at new hymeneal possibilities in the shape of a No. 2 and No. 3, the blonde head shakes in merry but positive denial.

And then I leave her sitting, still in her nun's robes, with no thought of fatigue or self—only a sympathetic light in her beautiful eyes and the outspoken wish to be of service to the poor, unknown scribbler.

I jump up. Reverently I touch her cheek with my lips—for is she not goodness personified—hastily murmur, "I'll come and see you again after Portia," fly own those break-neck stairs and nearly upset Becket.

"Miss Terry," he exclaims, in the semi-obscure, "I have been waiting for you exactly one hour, and oh! I'm so hungry."

While I'm inwardly debating whether it would be wise to offer him a glycerine lozenge to soothe his ruffled feelings, I hear the "frou-frou" of a dress. Simultaneously we both look up, and there, framed as though in a picture, is the very shrine of the sanctuary, looking like some mediæval saint, stands the greatest actress of the day, Ellen Terry.

FANNITZA ABDUL, *Sultana Valedé*.



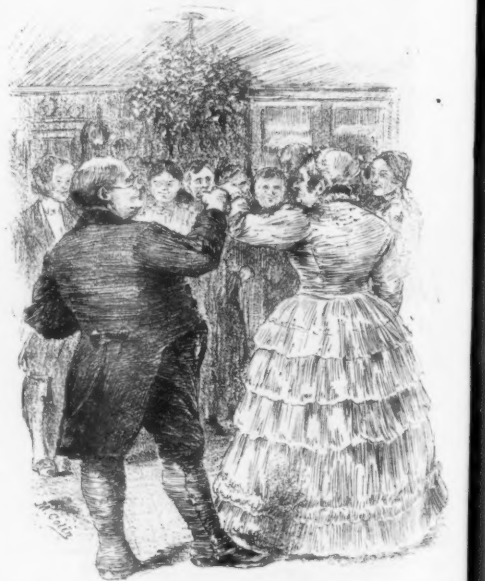
THE flowers and plants of Christmas-tide are many and beautiful. Not with the frail tints of spring blossoms, the luscious growth of midsummer, or the golden glory of autumn bloom. These "darlings of the cold" have a strength and endurance of their own, and well suited to the season.

First comes the mistletoe, always a part of Christmas joy, full of a tender meaning. Centuries ago it was a sacred plant, and used as such by the Druids in their forest sanctuary. They thought it of celestial origin, for they found it growing between earth and sky, having no touch of common soil or stain about it. Its pearly berries were the emblems of purity, and chaplets of them were twined around the brows of the newly-wedded, to signify unsullied affection. From this custom came the present frolic of "kissing under the mistletoe."



Then comes the holly, with its strong, glossy leaves and scarlet berries, always found in church and home when Christmas bells ring merrily. The rustic youth of Old England call it a symbol of good luck, and each secures a bit to lay by until next Christmas; for they say this will make all their ventures a success. Consecrated boughs of holly are hung over the door to protect the house from lightning strokes, and the twigs that bear the scarlet berries have a double and most potent charm. Many other quaint superstitions cluster about this lovely plant. In Derbyshire, they say that if the holly boughs are rough the husband will rule the house all through the coming year; but if smooth, the sway falls to the wife. In the County of Rutland it is thought to be unlucky if the holly is brought into the house before Christmas Eve. In other shires the boughs that have decorated the church are considered sacred, and all try to carry home a bit.

Song and story abound with mention of the holly and the mistletoe. Who does not remember the scene in the great kitchen of the house at Dingley Dell, where Mr. Pickwick is caught as he accidentally stands under the mistletoe bough and instantly surrounded by the crowd of giggling, romping girls, led by Arabella Allen—she of the bright black eyes and fur-trimmed boots? Or again, when Mr. Pickwick himself, with ceremonious dignity, leads the venerable Grandma Wardle under the bough, and there salutes her with a decorum that



delights the old lady, and is considered by her to be "almost as admirable" as in the days of the celebrated "Lady Tulingflower." And the dance at the house of Scrooge's nephew, where they circled around the holly boughs and sang the praises of good, old Christmas. Oh, how sad it is to realize that the present generation of young folks have no Dickens, "Prince of Merry-makers" and Poet of Christmas!

Other plants there are in our Christmas garlands. The ivy, the laurel, the rosemary, and many evergreens

of the New World that have not found their Laureate. The poet Gay sings of some in this fashion:

"When rosemary and bay, the poet's crown,
Are brawled in frequent cries throughout the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near;
Christmas, the joyous period of the year—
Now with bright holly all the temples strew,
With laurel green and sacred mistletoe."

Shakespeare knew the rosemary, and made Ophelia say—

"There's rosemary—that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember."

And again, in the "Winter's Tale," Perdita says—

"Reverend Sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue—
These keep seeming and savor all the winter through,
Grace and remembrance be to you both."

No Christmas in either the Old World or the New is complete without the laurel and the ivy. Branches of laurel are thrown on the blazing fire and omens sought for in the crackling and curling of the leaves. And when the dance grows merry on Christmas Eve, the laurel is fitly worn as decoration.

The ivy is an emblem of faithful love, and has been held sacred among nearly all nations. In classic days it was presented to the newly-married pair as a charm to insure love in the home. There is a peculiar fitness in this symbol of domestic love at the Feast of the Nativity; for, as the ivy twines its leaves around the rough branches to protect them or hide all deformities, so does love cover with its tenderness all that would mar or destroy the home.

The white thorn of England blossoms at Christmas time, and for a long while was thought to bloom only on Christmas Day; and many were the charming legends that grew about this poetic fact. The loveliest of all was the story of Joseph of Arimathea. It is said that before he died he traveled in far lands, and at last



came to Britain and landed on Christmas Day. As he stepped upon the unknown shore, he planted his trusty staff in the sand, and lo! it burst forth into leaf and blossom amid the cold and ice and snow. This staff thus changed into a living plant became afterward the famous white thorn of Glastonbury, and every Christmas it renewed its offering of flowers. It became the shrine toward whose holy altars great multitudes of pilgrims, and from miles away—even from distant lands—came to see the miracle. The following is the story as it is told to-day in Somersetshire and around holy Glastonbury:

"Who hath not heard of Avalon?
'Twas talked of much, and long anon—
The wonders of the holy thorn,
The which, soon after Christ was born,
Here a planted was, by Arimathea,
This Joseph that com'd over sea
And planted Christianity.
Thā zā that whan a landed vust
(Zich plazen was in God's own trust),
A stuck his staff into the gown
And over his shoulder lookin roum,
Whate'er mid his lot revall,
He cried aloud now—'weary all!'
Thā staff het budded, and het grew
And at Christmas bloomed the whole āz droo,
And still het blooms at Christmas bright,
But best thā zā at dark midnight."

Mr. Hicks—"I don't understand how a man can step up to a bar and take a drink."
Hicks—"He has to, if he ever hopes to digest the free lunch they set up."

Mrs. Walker—"Husband doesn't mind carrying the baby for hours when the poor little darling cries at night."

Mrs. Trotter—"Yet so many thought you were foolish to marry a floor-walker."

The sick, nervous and neuralgic headache use
The sure cure—Bromo-Seltzer.

The Father of English Opera.



THE recent discovery in Jersey City of two of the alleged grandchildren of the composer Balfe, living in the most abject destitution, could hardly have been made at a time more pregnant with Balfean memories and reminiscences. If the claims of Miss Balfe and her sister be believed or not, the claimants are to be congratulated upon having chosen so auspicious an hour for the telling of their story. For every lover of Balfe's music knows that the month of November, 1893, celebrates the semi-centennial anniversary of the first performance of "The Bohemian Girl," and those who are alive to the doings of the musical folk in Great Britain need not be told that on the 27th of November, just fifty years to the day and hour after the first hearing of the work, a performance was given in the Lyceum Theatre in Edinburgh, by the Carl Rosa Opera Company; that other similar performances have been recently given celebrating the event, and that even for the Royal Theatrical Fund Benefit in the Drury Lane Theatre, London, on the afternoon of December 4, the "Bohemian Girl" was long ago chosen for a commemorative performance of this most typical of English operas of modern times.

It is particularly appropriate that this performance should be given at Drury Lane, for it was here that the opera was first heard; it was here that it was given its one hundredth performance; it was here that Balfe took his benefit, when he was presented with the service of plate that he carried to Paris with him and ever after kept by him as his "good luck piece"; it was here that he made his first London appearance as a violinist in the oratorio orchestra, and here that many of his best known works were first given to the public, and it was in the vestibule of the Drury Lane that the composer's statue was unveiled in 1874, where it stands in company with those of Edmund Kean, David Garrick and Shakespeare, fittingly marking the spot where his genius has been most fully revealed and most highly honored.

It is a point worth noting that at this semi-centennial anniversary of "The Bohemian Girl" an American girl sang the part of the heroine, Arline. Mdle. Zelle de Sussan, that admirable singer of Carl Rosa's company, and who has often been heard with pleasure in the role here, was selected for that honor.

As "La Bohémienne," the opera was placed upon the stage of the Théâtre Syrienne, Paris; in Germany it is well known under the title of "Die Zigeunerin," and was played at three different theatres in Vienna at the same time. In Italian dress the work was sung all over Italy as "La Zingara," and was produced in Italian under that name at Her Majesty's, in London. The success of the opera in England and the influence it exerted on all classes were remarkable. During its numerous runs everything was tinged with a gypsy complexion. Scores of gypsy songs were issued from the press; novelists wrote stories about the wandering tribe; society cultivated the looks and the dress of the dark-skinned beauties, and talked learnedly about them as lineal descendants of Egyptian queens.

With its success in America we are all more or less acquainted. It has been a standard work in the repertoire of every English opera company in the memory of the present generation. "I Dreamt I Dwelt" and "Then You'll Remember Me" are whistled or sung by everybody who can whistle or sing, and the magic of the name, "The Bohemian Girl," is potent enough to draw an audience even in these times of bizarre novelities.

Balfe, like many another of his race, was a firm believer in certain mild superstitions, and the first per-

formance of "The Bohemian Girl" and its after history served to confirm him in the belief of one of them to a marked degree. The number eleven seemed to him a most potent factor in the ordering of his life and work, and most closely was this all-powerful number entwined about the fate of this, his best-known opera. To begin with, it was produced during the eleventh month of the year; it contains eleven solo characters; at its first hearing there were eleven encores; in the only list of his works ever drawn up by him Balfe enumerates eleven works before this opera is mentioned; it is a fact that, notwithstanding its immediate artistic success, it did not begin to draw money until its eleventh performance; the telegram sent by Bunn to bring Balfe back to London from Paris contained eleven words; its one hundredth performance was again given during the eleventh month (November 13); the work had eleven rehearsals for its first performance in Paris, and for its success Balfe received from the emperor the decoration of the Legion of Honor, of which he writes: "Le chevalier! Eleven letters. Again the fateful number!"

It is not generally remembered that Balfe was, first of all, a singer, and that as such he made his first public appearance. To this fact perhaps may be attributed the very singable quality of his vocal music. His first appearance as a vocalist was in Van Weber's "Der Freischütz." In his eighteenth year he met and studied with Cherubini and Rossini in Paris, and made his debut at Palermo on the 1st of January, 1830, in Bellini's "La Straniera." His wife was a prima donna (Mdle. Lina Roser) whom he met at the Carnac Theatre in Milan, and Malibru and Grisi were his fellow-singers in many an operatic cast.

As a composer, Balfe easily ranks with the great melodists of the world. He is pre-eminently the greatest, as he is the first of Great Britain's operatic writers, and ever worked for the advancement of the national music of his country. It was his dream to found an English operatic school; to be the first of a long line of English operatic writers who should perpetuate the idea, realize the dream, of writing successful English operas. That his dream has not been realized was no fault of his.



MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

His own contributions to a repertoire of national opera are most varied and interesting. "The Siege of Rochelle," "The Bondman," "The Bohemian Girl," "The Rose of Castile," "Satanella," "The Puritan's Daughter" and "Il Talismano" cover a great variety of subjects and exhibit the genius of the composer in its various stages of progress and development.

As a musician, Balfe stands head and shoulders above the greatest of his countrymen. He was the only Britisher who up to his time had been invited to write for the Paris stage. Italy gave him a like honor, and Germany has engrafted his music into her own. His music lives to-day, exercising the same potent charm it ever has wielded. No other British musician ever enjoyed so much fame while living as Michael William Balfe, and he was an Irishman.

FREDERIC DEAN.

IN-DOOR AMUSEMENTS.

A CORNUCOPIA SHOOTER.

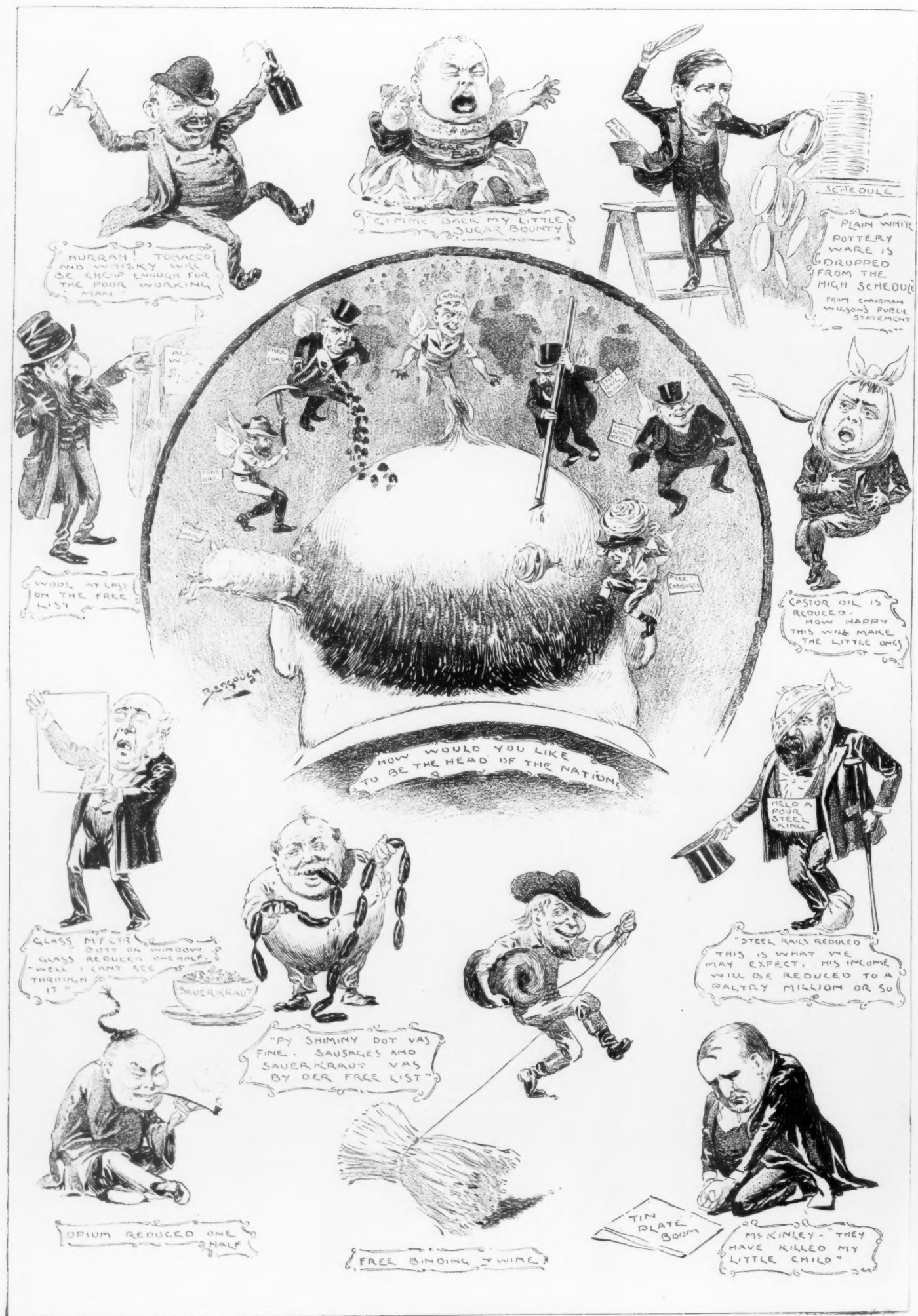
TAKE a piece of strong wrapping-paper about fifteen inches long and six inches wide. Roll it into a cylinder about half an inch in diameter, and fasten the edges of the paper with mucilage or by tying with a fine string. Next, take an ordinary sheet of paper about six inches long and two wide, and roll it round the finger in the shape of a cornucopia having a very fine point. Apply



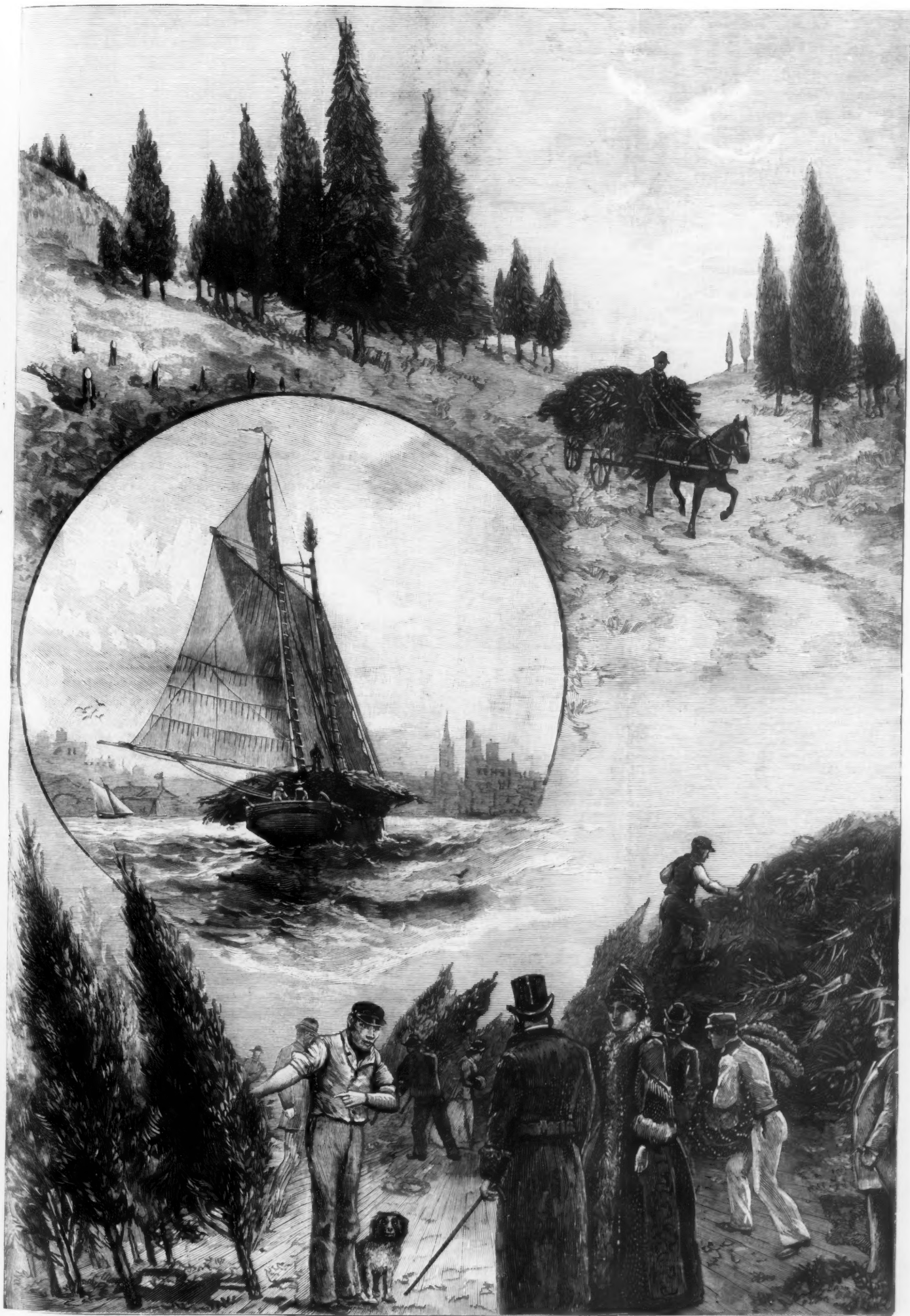
mucilage to the ends of the paper, so as to keep it in shape. Then trim off with a pair of scissors the outer edges of the cornucopia, taking care to keep its outer diameter slightly greater than that of the cylinder. Place the cornucopia into the cylinder, the point first, and press it down until the edges of both coincide. By blowing through the other end of the tube the cornucopia-arrow may be projected to a considerable distance. If a target be set up in a convenient place and three or four shooters engage in competition, much interest is added to the pastime.



MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



FORESHADOWINGS OF THE NEW PROPOSED TARIFF.



HOME OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN MAINE—BRINGING PINES TO MARKET.

NOVELTIES IN DRESS.



NE of the most important details of dress, especially of morning dress, is the belt or girdle. This is often quite a crucial test of smartness; for have we not all seen and deplored the existence of the untidy sash, the sagged leather belt, the crumpled ribbon and other such sorry makeshifts for supplying the necessary *trait d'union* between skirt and blouse. My readers will be glad to hear of a novelty in this direction, which is much to be commended on the score of taste and neatness. It is a jaunty affair, in white patent leather with silver eyelets and buckle. It is quite the freshest and prettiest thing to wear over a blouse, though alas! like most other new freaks of fashion, it is designed exclusively for slender figures. I advise the happy possessors of such to provide themselves straightway with one of these belts while the novelty is on them. If not procurable at the stores you frequent, they can readily be made to order by any harness-maker, most girls being already supplied with a pretty silver buckle which could be pressed into service, so bringing the cost of the belt down to a mere trifle. The initial letter of my article gives an idea of the kind of belt I have been describing.

I always heartily sympathize with women who, having crossed the Rubicon of forty, begin to discover that the crown of their beauty—otherwise their hair—shows alarming symptoms of wearing out. It must be a depressing experience to find one's scalp growing more and more in evidence every day, and the task of keeping it decently covered one of increasing difficulty. I was therefore much pleased to discover that an English hair-dresser has earned the gratitude of our sex by the invention of a most ingenious little appliance for supplementing the loss of one's hair. A view of this useful appendage of the elderly woman's toilet is given in the accompanying sketch. Its use is intended to obviate the strain on the skin of the head caused by tying the hair too tightly and by the use of too many hairpins in cases of partial baldness. The shield is composed of finely plaited hair made to the shape of the scalp. It is almost invisibly fine and of no appreciable weight, yet at the same time sufficiently strong to act as a foundation for the coils of hair, whether natural or false, to be worn over it, and to receive the points of the hairpins, which would otherwise scratch and injure the scalp. The second sketch shows the appearance of the head after the hair has been dressed in serpentine fashion over one of the hair shields. I may add that even those who possess the necessary modicum of hair, but the shape of whose heads *laisse à désirer*, will find the use of a hair shield very improving to the appearance.

A glass dress is a curiosity of the wardrobe which it is not given many women to boast of possessing. Neither is it, I fancy, one to excite serious envy in the feminine breast. It suggests the uncomfortable fear of breakage, and would most certainly have the effect of inspiring the beholder with a sense of awe not exactly compatible with the pleasant relations of life. Merely as a curiosity, however, it is a thing to admire, and even covet. We give a sketch of the spun glass dress made for the Princess Eulalia by the Libbey Glass Company, Chicago. It has the appearance of a greenish-white silky material, being, in fact, partly composed of silken threads interwoven with the strands of glass. The robe was exhibited at the World's Fair, and attracted much attention. The weight of the dress, without the glass fringe trimmings, was thirteen pounds eight and one-half ounces. This wonderful robe was made up by Mme. Victorene of New York, and cost twenty-five hundred dollars.

How do you like the picture hat in the illustration? It is a Parisian model of so-called black beaver; but the material, though resembling beaver, is more like rough velvet. There is a gold band around the brim. The trimming in the front consists of a rosette of velvet edged with gold, and wing-shaped trimmings of gold tulle with small black devices on it, outlined with black ribbon bands firmly wired into shape. The hat is surmounted with a group of black ostrich feathers. The effect is very drossy and becoming.

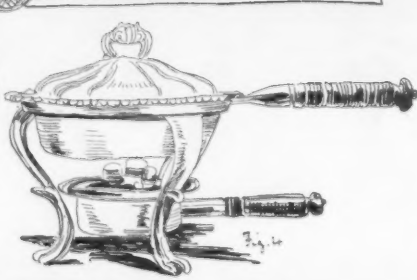
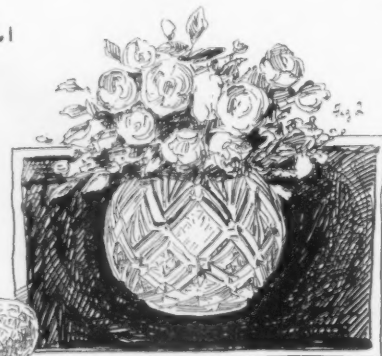
Very charming combinations of cloth and fur are among the striking novelties of the season. A good example is shown in the double-breasted bodice in the illustration. The full sleeves may be either in fur, plush or sealskin. They are adorned with a collar flounce extending in front as revers, and have gauntlet cuffs in shaded Bengaline. Large fur buttons complete the design. The hat worn with this original costume was of flame-colored cloth lined with black velvet, and trimmed with a black satin bow in front. At the back, resting on the hair, was another satin bow and some black tips.



I always envy our English cousins their superior facilities for enjoying out-door sports, and notably their easy access to the hunting-field. I think a woman never appears to so much advantage as when mounted on a well-groomed hunter and faultlessly robed à l'équestrienne. I read a charming description the other day of a costume recently worn by one of these fortunate Dianas. The coat and skirt were of dark rough gray cloth, and the vest of blue Tattersall. A cream-colored cravat, tied with exquisite care, faultless patent leather boots and chevrete gloves of reddish-brown edged with white kid, completed this most satisfactory outfit. I hear that pot hats of brown or black felt are much worn on horseback, and quite a number of modish women wear brown top-boots.

Long, slender chains of enamel and gold, intended to carry the pince-nez or single eyeglass, are fast becoming popular, and are certainly *à la mode*. Maybe you don't know that *clan* is Russian for *clie*, and has now replaced the older word in the jargon of the worldly. In Paris it is quite the fashion to suspend the new, large soft silk and satin muffs on long chains of gold and pearl; but I would not advise the indiscriminate adoption of this fashion, as it is one which will quickly become vulgarized.

Gwendolen Gay



SOME APPROPRIATE WEDDING AND CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Wedding and Christmas Presents.

THE blessedness of giving presents is not always particularly obvious to those who are desirous of keeping up the charming custom. Many busy people suffer absolute distress of mind when suddenly confronted with the necessity of selecting a suitable gift for a bride or as a Christmas offering to some female friend. Instead of being helped out of the difficulty by a visit to a jeweler's, stationer's or fancy goods establishment, their confusion becomes worse confounded in presence of the bewildering variety of knick-knacks set out before them, and, ten chances to one, the result will be a wholly unsatisfactory purchase. The wary salesman lies in wait for just such customers as these, and seizes his opportunity to palm off on his unsuspecting victims some ugly or useless articles that experienced shoppers would pass by with disdain.

A few suggestions may therefore be useful just at this time in guiding intending purchasers of wedding or Christmas presents. The articles here described, and which our artist has carefully sketched in the accompanying illustration, are all of such a character as to make them highly acceptable to any woman of taste; and, indeed, would by no means be despised by a bachelor lucky enough to be presented with any of them.

A pair of silver candelabra is an offering fit for a queen, and as one never can possess too many of these charming and necessary adjuncts of a well-appointed table, it constitutes an absolutely safe present for a bride or a housekeeper. The specimen in the illustration is of partic-

ularly graceful design, the candle receivers being set low to suit the flat styles of table decoration now in vogue. The little shades are of open-work silver, and the base of each candle is decorated with an artificial water-lily, the green points of the calyx blending charmingly with the white and silver effect.

A less expensive but always appropriate and acceptable gift is a cut-glass rose bowl, such as shown in Fig. 2 of the illustration. One may be bought for as low as seven dollars; but of course very handsome ones are much more expensive. Cut flowers always look best in a clear glass receptacle, and when the latter is well cut and brilliantly polished the *tout ensemble* leaves nothing to be desired in the way of decoration. A small gift which is sure to be highly appreciated is an atomizer. This useful and delightful article should be found on every dressing-table and in every boudoir. It may be had in the costliest forms, but less expensive ones are equally serviceable and pretty. The one in Fig. 3 is of electro deposit silverware. The metal work is pierced in a handsome design and beautifully chased, the glass of the bottle showing through the interstices of the pattern. Some are shown in blue, red and green glass; but the clear ones are undoubtedly in better taste.

Full of cozy suggestions is the silver chafing-dish shown in Fig. 4. A less costly one is made of copper. Various toothsome dishes may be prepared with the help of one of these eminently useful possessions. The chafing-dish has an honorable place in the "den" of the hospitable bachelor who has learned to test its possibilities and give his friends the benefit of the happy results. Every woman ought to familiarize herself with the use of a chafing-dish, as it will furnish her with an unfailing means of providing pleasant little surprises for her friends. By consulting a good cookery book any number of charming recipes will be found for dishes that can quickly be prepared in a chafing-dish. For contriving an impromptu hot supper after the theatre nothing beats this useful invention.

The other object shown in the illustration is a silver dish filled with growing ferns and other plants. It is a thing of beauty which speaks for itself. It is one of the handsomest possible decorations for a dinner-table, and has the advantage of retaining its usefulness a long time, as with very little trouble the plants may be kept fresh and green.

An unlucky accident once "gave away" the secret of no less distinguished a hostess than Mme. Necker, mother of the famous Mme. de Staël, to a guest whom she had invited to dinner. The gentleman, by some mistake, arrived too early, and was shown into the empty *salon* to await his hostess.

While amusing himself by examining the contents of the room, he happened to lift a cushion, and was surprised to find beneath it a little book. His curiosity was greater than his discretion—though he was a *man*—and he took the liberty of examining the volume. At first, he judged it to be a book of extracts copied in by hand; but on closer inspection, he was astonished to make the discovery that it was a summary of the subjects upon which Mme. Necker intended to talk that evening. Opposite the name of each expected guest was written the subject supposed to interest him or her most. The discoverer of the good lady's method of entertaining her friends had barely time to glance at his own name and form an idea of what would be expected of him in the way of conversation, when Mme. Necker made her appearance, and he quickly replaced the book in its hiding-place. History does not say if the gentleman thereafter made a practice of turning up the cushions in the drawing-rooms to which he was admitted.

Lord Forgivuz—"In England a man 'stands' for a seat in Parliament, but in this country he 'runs' for a seat in Congress."

William Ann—"That's right; but when it comes to an elevated train, he 'runs,' and he also 'stands.'"

Mrs. Binks—"There goes a man who proposed to me once. He's rich, too."

Mr. Binks—"I'll bet he wasn't rich when you refused him."

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free, by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT AND SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY!

Is the Truthful, Startling Title of a Little Book that tells all about No-to-bac.

The ONLY GUARANTEED, HARMLESS, ECONOMICAL CURE for the Tobacco Habit in the world; not for the reason it makes Tobacco Taste Bad, but because it ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE NERVE CENTERS, DESTROYING THE NERVE-CRAVING DESIRE, preparing the way for DISCONTINUANCE WITHOUT DISCONVENIENCE. NO-TO-BAC simulates, builds up and improves the entire nervous system. Many report a gain of TEN POUNDS in as many days. Get book at your drug store or write for it to-day. DRUGGISTS GENERALLY SELL NO-TO-BAC. If you are a tobacco user take time to read the following TRUTHFUL TESTIMONIALS, a few of many thousands from No-To-Bac users, printed to show how NO-TO-BAC works. THEY ARE THE TRUTH, PURE AND SIMPLE. We know this, and back them by a reward of \$500.00 to any one who can prove the testimonials false, and that we have knowingly printed testimonials that do not, so far as we know, represent the honest opinion of the writers. You don't have to buy No-To-bac on testimonial endorsement. No-To-bac is positively guaranteed to cure or money refunded. We give good agents exclusive territory and liberal terms. Many agents make \$10 a day.

CURED THREE YEARS AGO—USED LESS THAN A BOX OF NO-TO-BAC.

MR. CARMEL, L.L., Oct. 15, 1892.—Gentlemen: I purchased one box of your No-To-Bac three years ago. Took about three-quarters of the box, which completely destroyed my appetite for tobacco. I had used tobacco since 7 years of age. I had tried to quit myself, but could not find it impossible, but I am completely cured and do not have the least craving for tobacco. I hope others will use your treatment. ROLLO G. BLOOD.

USED EVERY SUBSTITUTE AND ANTIDOTE, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS—NO-TO-BAC MAKES A COMPLETE CURE, AND HE GAINS TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS.

KITTAWA, KY., Nov. 22, 1892.—Gentlemen: I used tobacco for fifteen years, and with all the power I possessed, I could not quit. I used every substitute and antidote I could find, but without success. I had gained of weight and got rid of the craving for tobacco, and seeing your advertisement was persuaded by friends to try once more. I sent for one box, and began the use of it at once and experienced benefit. I ordered two more boxes, and I am happy to say, was cured of the awful habit. It has been nearly a year since I was cured, and I have no desire whatever for the weed. I have gained steadily in flesh. My weight when I began the treatment was 135 pounds, and I now weigh 160 pounds. I feel much better in every way. I get up in the morning without a bad taste in my mouth. My digestion also is much improved. To any one wanting to rid themselves of the tobacco habit permanently, use No-To-bac, for it is a successful and wonderful remedy.

Yours truly and gratefully, W. E. PRAY.

CURED HIMSELF, HIS FATHER, HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

YASAB, IOWA, Nov. 21, 1892.—Gentlemen: I am glad to say that since I commenced the use of No-To-bac, which was the 5th of July, 1892, I have never used tobacco in any form and consider myself completely cured. I can also say that my father, now about 65 years of age, after using tobacco for forty-five years, was cured by the use of three boxes. I also induced my brother-in-law and neighbors to try No-To-bac, and they were cured. F. O. PRICE.

CURED TOBACCO FOR FIFTY YEARS—AFTER SPENDING \$1000 FOR TOBACCO NO-TO-BAC CURED HIM.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, Nov. 22, 1892.—Gentlemen: On the 10th day of May, 1892, I commenced the use of No-To-bac, and cast tobacco out of my mouth and have not tasted the weed since and have no desire for it. I would advise all who want to stop using tobacco to give No-To-bac a trial. I used it for fifty years and spent \$1000 for tobacco. No-To-bac has made a complete cure. GEO. W. WASKET.

"CIGARETTE FIEND FOUR YEARS."

FARMER CITY, ILL., June 15, 1892.—Dear Sirs: I have just finished the use of one box of No-To-bac and I am happy to say that I am cured from all desire for tobacco. For four years I have used cigarettes almost constantly, as well as tobacco in all of its forms; but to-day I have no desire for tobacco whatever. Do not even remember what it tastes like. I feel deeply grateful to you and your remedy for my present condition, and be assured that I will speak a good word for you among my afflicted friends. B. B. BATES.

OUR GUARANTEE.

IS PLAIN AND TO THE POINT. Three boxes of No-To-Bac, 30 days' treatment, costing \$2.50, or a little less than that a day, used according to simple directions, is guaranteed to cure the tobacco habit in any form, SMOKE, CHEWING, SNUFF AND CIGARETTE HABIT, or money refunded by us to dissatisfied purchaser. We do not claim to cure EVERYONE, but the percentage of cures is so large that we can best afford to have the good will of the occasional failure than his money. We have faith in No-To-bac, and if you try it you will find that No-To-bac is to you

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

READ THIS—WHERE TO BUY AND HOW TO ORDER NO-TO-BAC.

It is sold by Druggists generally and sent by mail on receipt of the price—1 box, \$1; 3 boxes, \$2.50. Remit in any convenient form. Our President, Mr. A. L. Thomas, is a member of the great advertising firm of Lord & Thomas, Chicago. Vice-President, Mr. W. T. Barbee, is the principal owner of the Barbee Wire and Iron Works of Lafayette, Ind., and Chicago, Ill. The Secretary, Mr. P. T. Barry, of the Chicago Newspaper Union, Chicago. The Treasurer is Mr. H. L. Kramer, one of the owners of the famous Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana, the only place in the world where magnetic mineral mud baths are given for the cure of rheumatism. Write to him for a book about the mud baths. We mention this to assure you that any remittance of money will be properly accounted for, that our GUARANTEE WILL BE MADE GOOD and YOUR PATRONAGE APPRECIATED. BE SURE when you write to name the paper and address

THE STERLING REMEDY CO.,

INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, IND.

CHICAGO OFFICE: 45 AND 47 RANDOLPH ST.

"UNCLE JERRY" RUSK.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—Every public man and every newspaper correspondent who was in Washington during the four years of President Harrison's administration heard with regret of the death of ex-Secretary Rusk—"Uncle Jerry," as he always was and always will be to those who knew him at all well. He was possibly the most democratic man who ever held a great office under this government. There was a Commissioner of Agriculture under Lincoln, who was a "man of the people"; but in an entirely different way. It is related that when a delegation of Senators called on President Lincoln to ask that this Commissioner be removed because of his extreme ignorance, one of their number said: "Why, Mr. President, he cannot even spell. He spells sugar 'shuger.'" Lincoln smiled in his quaint way. "Really," he said, "I think that is the only sensible way of spelling sugar that was ever suggested." The Commissioner was not removed, and it was common gossip at the Capital that he was appointed and kept in place through the influence of Mrs. Lincoln, exerted in recognition of the fact that he supplied delicious butter, milk and cream for the Executive table. This story comes from one of Mr. Lincoln's friends—an ex-Senator now living in Washington, one of the committee that went to the White House to petition for the Commissioner's removal.

"Uncle Jerry" was a different sort of man. He was not an erudite man, and it is even possible that he spelled one or two words incorrectly. But he was a man of a wide range of knowledge and of splendid abilities. When he said anything, what he said was good, though the language in which it found expression may have been deficient. He was quite as likely to say "Ther' ain't no such person," as to say "There is no such person;" but whatever he said he made his meaning clear to you; and whatever his ignorance of the parts of speech, he was not ignorant of public affairs.

When he came to Washington he established a "Division of Records and Editing" in the department, and called George W. Hill to take charge of it. All the information which went out from the Department of Agriculture went through this bureau. It was edited there, and well edited. Even the interviews which Mr. Rusk gave to the newspaper correspondents were usually sent to him for revision and put through Mr. Hill's hands. But I question whether they were improved in the process. Mr. Rusk's own English was homely, but it was vigorous. It went right to the spot. He did not care for "society," he told me the last time I saw him. He had been dragged into that a little since he came to Washington. He liked to get out in the fields, and he liked to sit on the barrel in front of the country store. He had a genuine and enthusiastic interest in his work, and he was sorry to leave it. He felt as though it had only just begun. He was the one member of the Cabinet of President Harrison who would have remained in office if the Republicans had been successful a year ago. He wanted to stay and go on with the work. He told me that he had been able to lift the Department of Agriculture out of a rut and to start it in a new path; and he was interested in what he had been doing. He told me frankly that he wanted to remain.

When I told him that I had asked the same question of all the members of the Cabinet—how they liked office-holding—he said with a smile and with a merry twinkle in his eye: "You won't find many to give you an honest opinion about that, I think."

No one who attended the magnificent entertainment which General Felix Agnus gave to President Harrison and his Cabinet in honor of Frank Thomson of the Pennsylvania Railroad, will forget the figure of the Secretary of Agriculture driving a big hay-wagon, loaded with newspaper correspondents from Washington, drawn by four oxen, or the skillful way in which he piloted the wagon to the grounds at Nacirema. He was not ashamed of the fact that he had been a stage-coach driver. He spoke of it frequently, and always with enthusiasm. And one day he offered to leave the Department offices and go out and show some one how to cooper a barrel properly. "Coopering?" he said, in answer to a question. "Why, I can make a barrel as well as any one." And probal, he could; for he did most things that he attempted well. Secretary Rusk was probably the subject of more stories than any other man in the Harrison Cabinet, though many were told on Mr. Wanamaker, and Mr. Blaine was not far behind him. No story stuck to the Secretary of Agriculture like the story about the "Cabinet-tail."

Some one said to him at one of the Cabinet meetings: "Oh, you're only the tail of the Cabinet, you know"—for the Department of Agriculture was then only three years old. "I know that," said Mr. Rusk smilingly; "but it is the business of the tail to keep

the flies off the rest of the animal;" and the suggestion that he had just made to the Cabinet meeting went through. In how many ways this story was repeated it would be hard to say. Doubtless it will be brought out at short intervals for another ten or fifteen years and told as something original. Every little while now some newspaper man comes upon it in conversation, and tells it as something quite new. It was very original when it started—and very good.

Secretary Rusk wanted every one about him to be straightforward. When he called Editor Hill to him, he said: "Look here! Didn't you edit a d-d free-trade paper up in the Northwest some years ago?" "I did," said Mr. Hill. Mr. Hill was appointed. Four years after, when the Harrison administration was coming to a close, Secretary Rusk turned to Editor Hill one day and said: "Do you remember the question I asked you about that free-trade paper of yours? Well, you saved your life when you told me that you edited that paper. If you had said 'No,' you wouldn't have stayed here."

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

MR. EDWARD LAUTERBACH, who is going to the next Constitutional Convention, intends to urge the divorce of municipal from State and national politics. Nothing could be more desirable from one point of view; but would different election days bring out the full vote? Applying the idea to our own city, would not the average citizen, who is seldom stirred up except in national elections, remain at home and let "the boys of the machine" have it all their own way with a vengeance? The truth is, what we need here is a little of the public spirit characteristic of the West. Our citizens—the most intelligent as well as the most wealthy—owe it to the city to take part more frequently and earnestly in local politics.

HE OVERDID IT.

Beggem (to himself)—"I've got around that rich old great-aunt of mine at last. She's interested in benevolent schemes, and I'm helping her night and day to search out worthy objects. To-day she said I'd have cause for rejoicing when her will was read."

His Great-Aunt (to herself)—"I had no idea my grand-nephew was so good. It worries him almost sick to see so much misery in the world. How delighted he will be to find that all my money is to go to the support of the poor friendless orphans."

THE distribution of whisky continues in spite of the hard times. The Independent Distributing Company of America was incorporated in New Jersey recently, with a capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars. Contributions companies may follow, but they hardly ever overtake.

HENRY LABOUCHERE, of the London Truth, denounces all concerned in the Matabele War, and declares that all the massacres of natives in the conflict have been perpetrated for the benefit of greedy and needy financiers, headed by a couple of hired ducks.

THE golden wedding of William Wetmore Strong, the great American sculptor, was celebrated on October 31, in Italy, high up among the leafy Tuscan Hills, overlooking the vales of the Sieve and the Arno in the Bianca Capello, once the hunting lodge of the Medici.

MISS EDDY, a graduate from the New York Woman's Medical College, has just passed the rigid examination demanded by the Turkish Empire, and comes out with flying colors the first woman physician in the realms of the Sick Man.

"Nice dog you've got there. What's his name?"

"Fish."

"Fish! That's a queer name for a dog. What made you give him that name?"

"'Cause he won't bite."

FREE A GRAND OFFER.

MME. A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.

MME. A. RUPPERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of ladies in the United States that would like to try my World-renowned FACE BLEACH, but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$2.00 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together, \$5.00. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will give to every caller, absolutely free during this month, a sample bottle, and in any part of the world, I will send it safely packed, plain wrapper, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 2c., silver or stamp."

Address all communications or call on

MADAME A. RUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., N. Y.

When the first Napoleon gave an elaborate banquet at Versailles it was always topped off by a Marie Brizard & Roger Cordial. They are still on sale and the quality never changes.

T. W. Stemmer, Union Square, New York.

CARDS

Send 2c. stamp for Sample Book of all the FINEST and BEST CARDS. Includes 1000 CARDS. NOT TRAVE. UNION CARD CO., COLUMBIA, ILL.

TO EXPEL SCROFULA

from the system, take

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

the standard blood-purifier and tonic. It

Cures Others will cure you.

Always Reliable.

There are a great many **injurious preparations** used for beautifying the skin and giving it a clear, transparent appearance, but the effect is only temporary, and the final result is disastrous. For this reason that absolutely harmless skin purifier, known all over the world as

Glenn's Sulphur Soap,

is now exclusively used for permanently enhancing the charms of complexion, and giving a lasting brilliancy to the most sallow and pimple-covered skin. In fact, the potent effect of this most

EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTIFIER

brings to even the weary and care-worn cheeks of age the **BLOOM OF YOUTH.**

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Glenn's Soap will be sent by mail for 30 cts. for one cake, or 75 cts. for three cakes, by C. N. CRITTENTON, Sole Proprietor, 115 Fulton Street, New York City.

ONLY ONE WEDDING PRESENT.

It should be in every home in the land, and if, as a wedding present we could give our daughter out one thing, that one would be a volume of **TOKOLOGY**.—Autumn Leaves. TOKOLOGY, a complete ladies' guide in health and disease, is written by Dr. Alice B. Stockham, who practiced as a physician over twenty-five years. Prepaid, \$2.75. Sample pages free. Best terms to agents.

ICE B. STOCKHAM & CO. 277 Madison-st. Chicago

HOME STUDY.

Book-keeping, Penmanship, Business Forms, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail at student's home. Low rates. Trial Lesson and Catalogue free. **BRYANT & STRATTON, 45 Lafayette St., Buffalo, N. Y.**

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. **T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.**

FREE COMET FOUNTAIN PEN

As a sample of our 1000 XMAS BARGAINS we will send FREE this Hard Rubber Fountain Pen, warranted a perfect writer, & immense list of Xmas Catalogue, for 10c. to cover postage. **ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 64 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City.**

FREE My Electric Belts sent you on trial.

Free, **CURES YOD.** Insoules, Trusses, Give Size, Disease, Dr. Judd, Detroit, Mich. Want Agents.

WANTED—Reliable man in each good town,

to open small office and handle my goods. Stamp and references. **A. F. MORRIS, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.

Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN: Light, honorable employment at home, will pay \$20 to \$40 per week, write us.

MATGON & CO., GENEVA, N. Y.

FREE MUSIC 156 pieces, latest Sheet Music

and charming illustrated Magazine 3 months; all for 10 cents; send silver dime. **American Nation, Box 1729, Boston, Mass.**

SPRAY PUMPS Best, Cheapest, Write

for our book of instruction and our wonderful premium offer. **FIELD FORCE PUMP CO., 310 Bristol Ave., Lockport, N. Y.**

\$125.00 Per MO.

SALARY AND EXPENSES TRAVELING WITH THIS MACHINE. **WILLIAMS, 100 N. W. 10th St., Chicago, Ill.**

WE WANT YOU to introduce our new, easy to use, and profitable

business opportunity. **WILLIAMS, 100 N. W. 10th St., Chicago, Ill.**



AFTER THE BALL (GAME) IS OVER.

MAUD (an enthusiastic)—"Oh, papa, which side was he on?"
 DOCTOR (non-enthusiastic)—"The under side, I imagine."



"Weel are ye
 wordy of a
 grace lang's my
 arm"—Burns.

Poor Tam O' Shanter wouldn't have got roaring fou and caught wi warlocks, if he had ta'en Kate's advice; and if you take our advice you will beware of crude Cocoas, sold as soluble, and drink only that made on scientific principles, and which is known all over the globe as highly nutritious and digestible.

Van Houten's Cocoa

—(Best and Goes Farthest)—

in which the Exquisite Natural Flavor is fully developed. No Vanilla USED.

MAKE YOURSELF A MINE FOREMAN,
 SUPERINTENDENT, MINING ENGINEER, (COAL OR METAL), OR SUCCESSFUL PROSPECTOR,
 by devoting your idle hours to Home Study, by the method of
 THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF MINES, Scranton, Pa.
 To begin, students need only know how to read and write.
 MODERATE CHARGES. SEND FOR FREE CIRCULAR.

VILLA MARIA ACADEMY,

139 E. 79th Street, corner Lexington Avenue,
 NEW YORK CITY.

This institution, under the direction of the Nuns of the Congregation de Notre Dame (Montreal), is a select and limited school for young ladies desirous of pursuing any branch of higher education. A special inducement is here offered to those who would acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the French language. Drawing, Painting, Vocal Music, Type-writing and Stenography taught by Professors holding Testimonials of superior ability from many of the American Clergy. There is also an Elementary Course. A few young lady boarders can be accommodated in the Convent. Reopens September 8. For terms and particulars apply to

THE LADY SUPERIOR.

References required.

TO THE UNEMPLOYED.
 You can make \$75 to \$250 a Month.

Working for us in any locality. Will pay a salary or commission (as you prefer) and all expenses; money deposited in bank to cover same when started. If you are out of work or even wish to better your condition, we have something entirely new to offer, and if you follow our instructions you cannot fail to meet with success. The people will have our goods no matter how hard the times; our agents are reporting big sales everywhere from Maine to Mexico; all that is required is a little pluck and push and success is yours. Why stand idle, this offer may be your stepping stone to a fortune. We furnish sample outfits free. If you care to investigate write today for particulars before a valuable territory is taken. Address Standard Silver Ware Co., Boston, Mass.

MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND PAY FREIGHT.
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